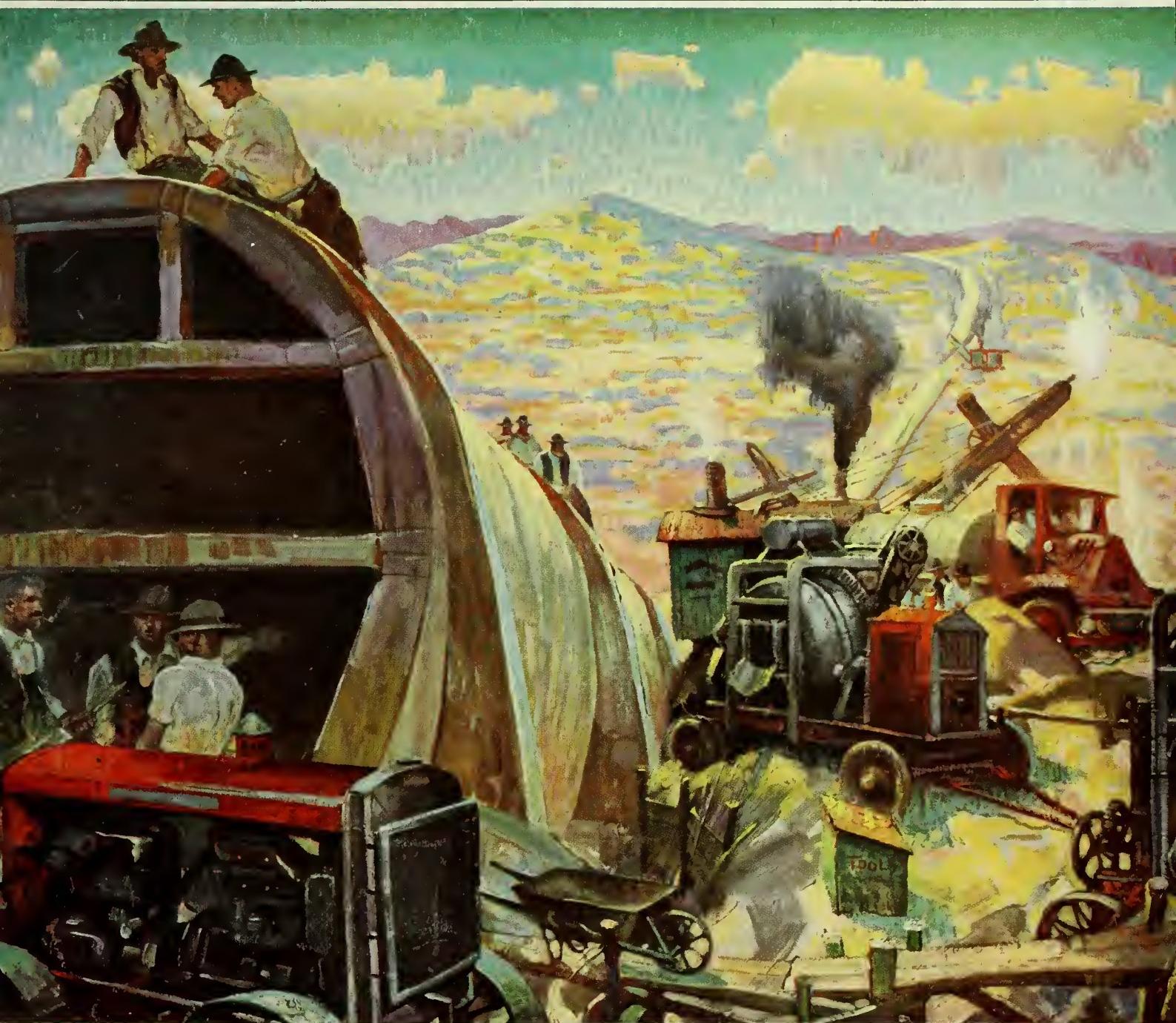


*The American*  
**LEGION**

MONTHLY

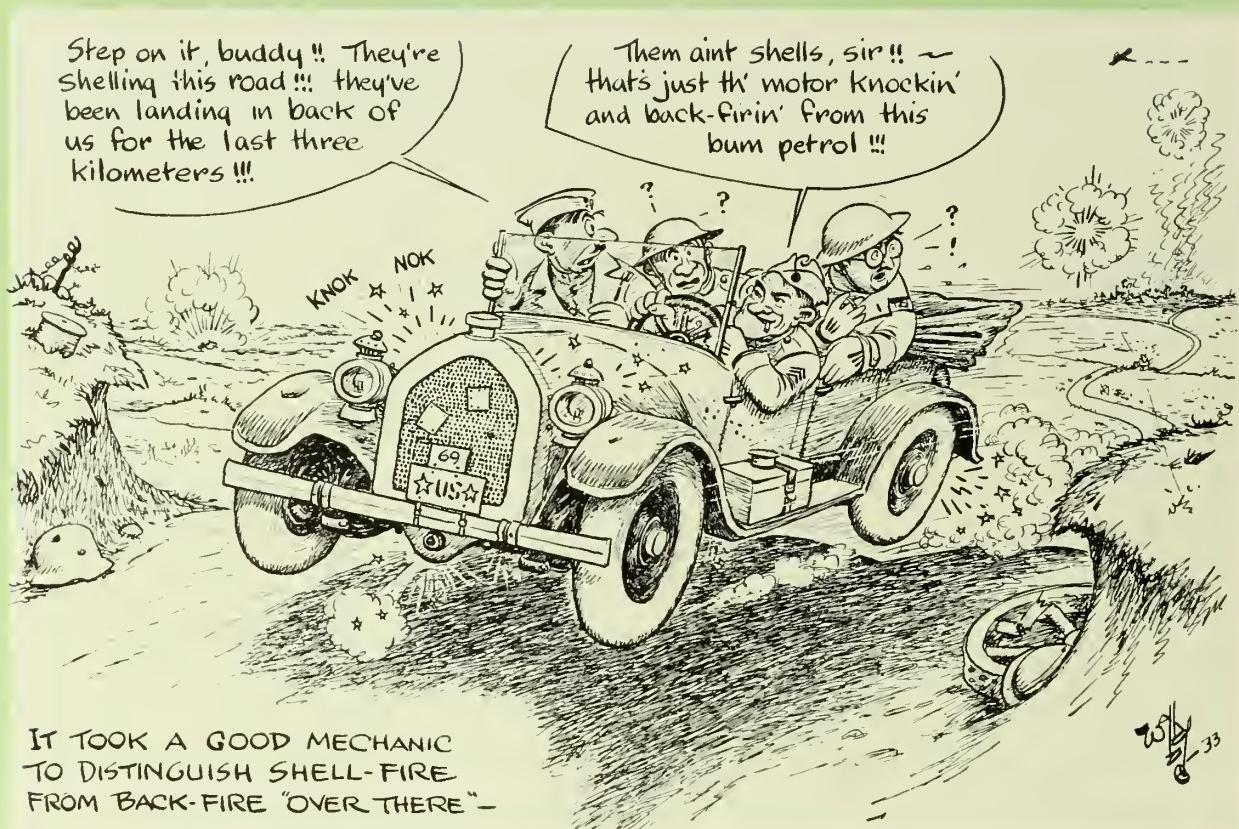
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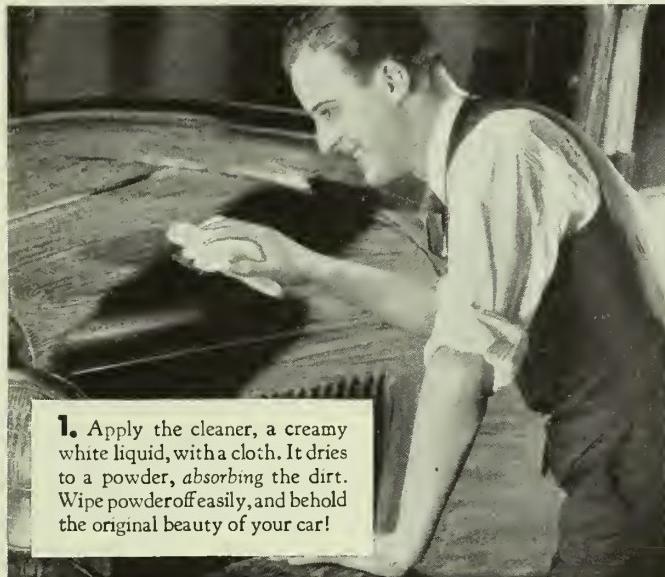
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APRIL, 1933

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## C OVER DESIGN: BRINGING ON THE WATER

As a T. B. VETERAN SEES IT

HOBNAILS

*Illustrations by Kenneth F. Camp*

YESTERDAY'S STUNT IS TODAY'S ROUTINE

P. W.: Conclusion

*Illustration by V. E. Pyles*

THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT

THE NAVAL RESERVE STANDS BY

WHAT SORT OF FOLKS ARE WE?

*Cartoon by John Cassel*

CHICAGO CALLING

SEE 80 AND DIE

PRESERVE, PROTECT, DEFEND

A PLACE LIKE HOME

*Cartoons by Wallgren*

WINGS OVER TEXAS

"SO MUCH IS HISTORY"

THE VOICE OF THE LEGION

THE BIGGEST HISTORY IN THE WORLD

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## GO FORWARD WITH THE LEGION!

YOU, as a Legionnaire, know a World War veteran who is not a member of the Legion. Perhaps he is outside because nobody appeared to tell him what the Legion is and what it is doing. Perhaps he declined to join or dropped out long ago because of some reason which may have appeared all-important at the time, but which, in the light of years which have elapsed, was not at all of overwhelming importance. Ask him to join now, so that he may have a voice in shaping future Legion policies. Only as a member can he have a share in making the Legion what he thinks it ought to be.

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In reporting change of address (to Indianapolis office) be sure to include the old address as well as the new



A group of Marines wounded at Château-Thierry getting a sunbath while patients at Base Hospital 101, St. Nazaire, toward the end of June, 1918

# AS A T.B. VETERAN SEES IT

*by Francis Herbert Bent*

EVER since the war the veteran who was unfortunate enough to contract tuberculosis has been forced to fight for his life. The ordinary fight against the disease is plenty hard enough. It is to be expected, though, and is wholly unavoidable. However, these sick men have also found themselves with another fight on their hands. While they were occupied in making a frontal attack on disease they have, in turn, been attacked on the flank by what many of them consider unjust rulings and decisions handed down by the Veterans Administration.

There is no inclination on my part to criticize, unjustly, the Veterans Administration. This bureau was organized to administer the affairs of the veteran and his dependents, and to care for the disabled. Whether or not it is successfully carrying out its purpose is a question that is hotly cussed and discussed in every Regional Office waiting room, and in every Veterans Hospital ward, from Maine to California and from Washington to Florida.

It is generally supposed by the civilian public—and by not a few able-bodied veterans—that the disabled veteran is very well provided for by a grateful Government. This supposition is finding expression in the blind movements toward curtailment of funds for veteran relief. Thirteen years of actual experience as a tubercular veteran, however, have taught me that any such supposition is entirely erroneous. Because of various rulings and laws, written and promulgated by men who are blissfully ignorant of the proper treatment of the disease, the tubercular veteran has been "put on the spot." The veteran who breaks down with advanced pulmonary tuberculosis, unless he has some source of income other than his disability allowance or compensation, has a very slim chance for his life.

I realize that this may sound, to the uninformed, like an exceedingly radical statement. However, I am certain that anyone who is at all conversant with tuberculosis and its treatment, and

who also knows the rules that govern the treatment of the tubercular veteran, will agree with me. It is perhaps of some significance to point out that in the last fiscal year tuberculosis accounted for more than one-fourth of all deaths in Veterans Hospitals.

There is no doubt that patients in Veterans Hospitals are receiving the best of care. I say this from my own experience as a patient. Doctors, nurses, attendants, equipment and treatment leave very little to be desired. Of course, there are those who will disagree with me in this. Such cases, however, would never be satisfied. Complaints, naturally, are unavoidable. However, I've seen veterans receiving treatment that only the very wealthy could have paid for, and which it would be impossible to receive at a great many private hospitals owing to lack of equipment and funds. Everything possible is done to bring the disease to an early stage of complete arrest.

The care of the tubercular veteran should not end, however, with his discharge from the hospital. Of what benefit is it to heal the diseased lung tissues if certain rules force the patient to return to the hospital as a dying wreck? That is exactly what has happened in innumerable cases—and will continue to happen until the present laws are changed. I was personally acquainted with several such cases while in hospital and heard of several more. I have since learned that several of the men who were discharged about the same time that I received my discharge are now back in hospital or dead. The last annual report of the Administrator of Veterans Affairs shows that pulmonary tuberculosis is the only listed ailment for which the number of readmissions to hospital exceeds the number of first admissions.

THE World War Veterans Act, 1924, as amended, provides that a veteran, discharged from hospital with an arrested case of pulmonary tuberculosis, shall receive a statutory award of \$50 a month for the rest of his life. (*Continued on page 46*)

# HOBNAILS

*by*

*Karl W. Detzer*

**C**RIME is so drab a business, and criminals as a rule are so sorry a lot, that a murder mystery involving persons of some importance, in a colorful setting, often assumes a glamor it really does not deserve. That, perhaps, is why the affair at St. Xavier remains, after fourteen years, so sharply engraved on the memories of those who were concerned in it.

Leaving Bordeaux for Paris, on the Etat railway, you pass up the flat valley of the Dordogne for perhaps twenty kilometers, and at Coutras discover the River Isle. And having discovered it, you are rewarded with what the motion picture people might call a pre-view of paradise.

It is an alluring little river, reflecting the red roofs of picture-book villages, rich forests, checkerboard vineyards on gentle hillsides, and high against the yellow southern sky, the tall black arches of haunted castles.

One of these villages is the hamlet of St. Xavier, a country town of no importance except for a brisk trade in truffles. Late in the war the American Army planned a series of rifle ranges on the hills above it, but the Armistice intervened, and there remained in St. Xavier only a small detachment to guard the stores collected there. The supply dump was located on an island some two kilometers up the river toward Gerigueux, but the troops were billeted in the village itself.

On the first of April, 1919, the day of the murder, there remained on duty only two officers and eleven enlisted men. First Lieutenant Cecil Hawks, a tall, sour, scowling officer who had been removed from duty at the front, commanded the detachment. He was assisted by Second Lieutenant Norman Felding, an irresponsible youngster with a knack of looking tailormade in an issue uniform, an eye for beauty and a taste for good vintages.

"You got no right to question the lieutenant, big boy," Hethering put in.  
"He don't know what he's saying. He's drunk"



The senior non-commissioned officer was Sergeant Hethering, an old Regular, sardonic and disillusioned by too many long marches that led nowhere and to no purpose.

On the night of April first, M. Artois Beauregard, the village banker, was murdered by pistol fire in the doorway of his house at Number 11 Rue de Paris. The shooting occurred at twenty minutes past midnight, and was heard by perhaps two dozen neighbors, most of whom remained discreetly abed.

Donegal of the D. C. I. puts his finger on the murderer of M. Beauregard, proving that safety-in-numbers doesn't always hold

*Illustrations by  
Kenneth F. Camp*



KENNETH  
FULTON  
CAMP  
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However, there had arrived in the village that morning two operatives of the Bordeaux office of the American Division of Criminal Investigation, disconsolately seeking information on certain thefts of chocolate, shoes and sugar from railway cars. They had no reason to believe that the robberies were occurring at St. Xavier, but the freight trains halted there each day for water, and every angle of the thefts must be pursued.

The elder of these operatives, Corporal Michael Donegal, heard and counted the shots as he lay in his room in the Hotel de France, some hundred yards away, and immediately dressed and went out to investigate. Thus it was he who came upon the body of M. Beauregard. Three minutes later, his partner, Private John Holmes, joined him.

Rue de Paris was an unexciting thoroughfare, lined by a double row of small houses with their toes in the gutter. Beauregard's dwelling, however, was much more pretentious than any of the others, in fact the largest residence in the town. It stood back several paces from the roadway—a circumstance which was to have some bearing on the case—with a small dooryard, empty of shrub or grass, and a low stone wall, not quite knee high, along the

curb. A pair of stone posts, without a gate, let upon the short flagstone walk to the door.

A sharp rainstorm had broken about nine o'clock that evening, converting both street and door yard into slimy mud. The rain had halted at approximately twelve o'clock, twenty minutes before the murder occurred.

When Corporal Donegal arrived, Beauregard lay dead, wedged in the doorway, with a bullet in his throat, his nightcap still on his head and his long flannel nightgown wrapped around him. Except for the wound in his neck, concealed now by his black spade beard, he apparently had not been injured. However, Donegal remembered that he had counted five shots. The night was extremely dark, but with his electric flash he searched the dooryard and discovered five empty pistol shells. They were American army issue, caliber .45, and no doubt had been ejected from an automatic.

Holmes, examining the door panel, found in it the other four leaden slugs.

"Whoever it was must of been shooting from quite some distance," he said. "Here's one bullet way at the bottom, and three off at the sides near the top."

Donegal looked up from the mud.

"He was shot from close up," he answered. "Here's footprints."

Holmes bent over beside him. "Hobnails," he muttered.

"Not ordinary hobnails," Donegal said. "There's extra nails, two rows of 'em, across the soles. Shouldn't be hard to find 'em. He stood here. There's the shells, ejected out the right side . . . that's where they'd fall. No, sir, this yahoo stood at two yards and damn near didn't hit the house. Chase them frogs away or they'll stampede all over our clues. I'm going to follow the footprints."

Moving slowly, he back-tracked along the prints, out through the gate and to the left beside the low parapet, then into the muddy street. There were two sets of tracks, showing that the killer had followed the same route both going and coming. Once Donegal halted, comparing the prints with his own. He wore a number ten shoe, and these were approximately the same, perhaps a trifle wider. However, the steps were short, as if the man who made them had a mincing gait, and the heels pressed into the ground so lightly that at times he lost the trail entirely.

He managed to pick it up again where it crossed the road. But there disappointment greeted him. The gutter was of stone, and the tracks disappeared into the stream of rain water that ran noisily down it.

Donegal paused and looked into the lighted window of the building he was facing. It was a small, unimpressive house, with a newspaper and stationery shop on the ground floor, where a number of excited neighbors had gathered, half-dressed, and talking all at once.

The corporal stepped in. The proprietor was a young, blonde, red-cheeked woman, prettier than the average, and with a high spirit that even the tragedy across the street seemed unable to subdue. The shop was cheaply furnished, with all the earmarks of poverty and of pluck. Donegal had just discovered that the woman could speak some English, when a gendarme panted in. He was an immensely fat old man, with more than a trace of asthma, and dark eyes that winked owlishly behind heavily pocketed lids.

"What's this?" he demanded. "What's this?"

Donegal showed his identification. But the gendarme, who introduced himself as Brigadier Bedon, could not fathom the corporal's care-free French.

"I can interpret," the woman volunteered.

"Go into the street," the brigadier ordered the townsfolk. "Remain there, should I wish to question you."

Donegal told his story. "This murdered man," he asked, when he had finished, "who is he? Good or bad?"

The woman, who explained that she was the Widow Dupre and that her husband had died on the Marne, looked hard at Donegal before she answered, and he realized that she had extremely interesting eyes. And a very good mouth, too, when he came to think of it.

"I shall explain," she said, in her sharp, funny little accent. "I have been his neighbor three years. There is little good to say, all bad. This Beauregard is what you call a very thrifty man. He would boil up his own mother for the fat that is in her. Everyone in the town owes money to him. Everyone hates him."

"His family?" Donegal prompted.

"It is lost," Madame Dupre explained. "The son died in the war, and his wife, who was a decent mouse of a woman, six years ago. The story is, this Beauregard starved her. His daughter married a—but what was it, my brigadier? — oh, yes, an acrobat, and ran away to Paris. Beauregard could find no housekeeper who would abide him. So he lives alone."

"Everyone owes him?" Donegal repeated. That was discouraging news—it made the field of suspects entirely too large.

"But certainly!" The widow nodded. "He owns this house where we stand, nearly

every house on this street, and his rents . . . he collects them . . . zut! . . . when the clock strikes five you must have the money ready."

Donegal bit his lip. Were it not for the footprints, made undoubtedly by American army hobnails, and for the American pistol ammunition, it would be easy to pass responsibility for this case to the French. He asked about the man's friends.

The widow glanced at the brigadier, then spoke quickly to him, as if asking advice.

"Certainly, tell all," the Frenchman said.

"It is what you say, difficult, m'sieur," Madame Dupre explained. "But his friends, the only ones that speak with him except to beg mercy, are your Americans."

Donegal had been facing the door and through its small panes saw the scared eyes of townsfolk peering in. Behind him another door stood open, on the living quarters at the rear. The shop was cramped, with boxes of stationery displayed upon racks and a few newspapers and bawdy magazines stacked on the counter at the left. Behind this counter there was another door. Donegal had looked at it inquiringly several times; he thought once that he detected a sound beyond it.

"When was Beauregard seen last?" he asked.

The widow tapped her forehead with small knuckles.

"About eight tonight, he stood in his door, arguing."

"Arguing?" Donegal repeated. "Who with?"

Again Madame Dupre consulted the gendarme.

"The Sergeant Hethering," she said at length, "one of your Americans."

Donegal remembered the prints of American hobnails.

"Where's Hethering live?" he asked.

"In the old cement warehouse," the woman said. "But I am most sure, m'sieur, he would not kill!"

Donegal, who made it a point to be sure of nothing till it was proved, crossed the street, where the village doctor and Private Holmes had at last succeeded in getting the banker's body into the house and the door closed. The corporal said:

"You and the gendarme go to the cement warehouse, Holmes, wherever that's at, and bring back a bird named Hethering. If he's got an automatic pistol, bring it along."

He returned to the widow.

"What were they arguing about?" he asked.

"Money," she replied quickly. Then: "Everyone argues with Beauregard about that."

"Anyone else see them?"

"But certainly. There were several in the street. Beauregard was shouting: 'No!'"

"Hear anything since eight o'clock?"

"No," she said, and Donegal did not believe her. "I locked the door then. Some of your soldiers came and rapped. The lieutenant heard them and came downstairs and they ran."

"What lieutenant?" Donegal demanded.

"The Lieutenant Hawks, which lives above the shop."

Donegal looked quickly at the door behind the counter. The woman followed his glance and nodded.

"A very stern man, the lieutenant," she said quietly.

"Up there now?"

"How do I know?" She flushed. "I do not tuck him in at night. I am satisfied to rent the room."

The front door opened and a gray-haired soldier marched in on bowed legs, with Holmes and the



"I have been his neighbor three years. There is little good to say, all bad"

"He was shot from close up," Donegal offered. "Here's footprints—of hobnails"

gendarme behind him. Donegal looked at his feet. He was wearing garrison shoes, not hobnails.

"My name's Hethering," he said belligerently.

Donegal looked into his sullen, pinkish eyes and asked: "What was the row with Beauregard?"

Hethering replied: "I don't see any bars on your shoulders, big boy."

Donegal took out his identification card. Hethering read it sourly.

He said: "A fly cop, eh? I think cops are lower than a worm's belly."

"What was the row about?" Donegal persisted.

"If I said it was none of your damn business you'd sling me in the jug, I suppose. I don't want to go in the jug. It was about money."

"What about money?" Donegal asked.

"He cheated me," Hethering said. "I had a travelers' check. Skirt sent it to me. Jane from Newark. Thirty dollars. He cashed it for me, and afterwards I find he'd gipped me. Forty francs. So I do a to-the-rear and go back."

"Got it, I suppose?"

"You suppose not. He wouldn't give it to me. I told him . . ." Hethering stopped. "Trying to hang this murder on *me*, are you?"

Donegal said: "I want the truth."

"That's what you're getting, big boy. If you don't believe it, roll your own. I said I wanted the francs and he said no, and we kind of went round and round."

"And you threatened him?"

"Hell, no. I just says, sort of joking, if he don't give it to me, I'll take it out in his whiskers for a souvenir. He kind of lifted his fist at that and then I went away."

"No," Donegal objected, "not you. Not just because he lifted his fist. Why'd you come back at midnight?"

Hethering roared: "I said you'd hang it on *me*! Well, I didn't come back. Take it or leave it. I was in quarters. Asleep."

"I'll have to lock you up, Hethering."

"Listen, cop. I'll tell you the rest. I don't want to get locked up and I don't want to get the lieutenant in bad, either. He's a square guy. He didn't do it, see?"

"Lieutenant Hawks?" Donegal demanded.

"Hell, no. Hawks wasn't there. Fenton. Our second looie. He was in Beauregard's house and I didn't know it. He came out behind this frog when we was arguing, and he said: 'Get out o' here, Sergeant.'"

Donegal scowled.

"You mean Lieutenant Fenton was in the house while you were arguing?"

"Yes, and he'll tell you the same! He was there when I went away."

Madame Dupre cried out: "But, m'sieur policeman! The lieutenant Fenton did not kill Beauregard! I swear it! He is a genteel young man! Surely you would not believe. . . ."

"Where is Fenton?" Donegal asked.

"Out at the supply dump," Hethering said. "Night duty. Goes there at nine o'clock. Two men on guard with him. If anybody bumped off this banker, it was some frog he gipped."

Donegal asked Holmes: "Find a gun?"

"No, he didn't!" Hethering answered. "Somebody hooked onto my automatic. Sure, today. Out my pack."



KENNETH  
BULMER  
ILLUSTRATION

Donegal whistled quietly. This admission began to tighten the net on Hethering. He'd argued with Beauregard, by his own admission threatened him. He'd had a gun of the kind that did the murder, and now claimed it had been (*Continued on page 48*)

# *Yesterday's Stunt is* TODAY'S ROUTINE

*By Clyde Pangborn*

*Pilot, First Non-Stop Flight Across the Pacific Ocean*

**F**IVE years ago—a year ago, even—what I was now starting out to do would have been called a stunt. My take-off would have been delayed by a mob of newsreel cameramen and still-photographers pleading for just one more shot—reporters, sob-sisters, all the adjuncts of extravagant publicity.

Instead I was now going to work on a regular job with no more fuss than a locomotive engineer reporting for his daily run. The only possible difference was that I went from my home off lower Fifth Avenue to Floyd Bennett Airport by taxicab, but that was because I'd overslept half an hour. Punctuality was as important as though I had to punch a time-clock. Arrived at the flying field at 5:45 P. M., I went to my locker, slipped a fur-lined coverall and flying boots over my regular clothes, exchanged my felt hat for radio helmet and goggles, stopped at the office to look at the weather map and pick up my cargo manifest, said hello to my mechanic, fitted myself and parachute into a somewhat narrow cockpit, and taxied to nose into the wind for a proper take-off. A few minutes after six the lights of Manhattan, casting a yellow canopy over the island through thickening haze, flitted beneath my speeding wings and vanished behind me.

Now, all unknown to me a crisis had arisen in Hollywood while I slept. It had to do with an impending murder. Sometime that morning an author and a motion-picture director had faced a desperate studio property man with unswervable determination. The facts were these, I am told.

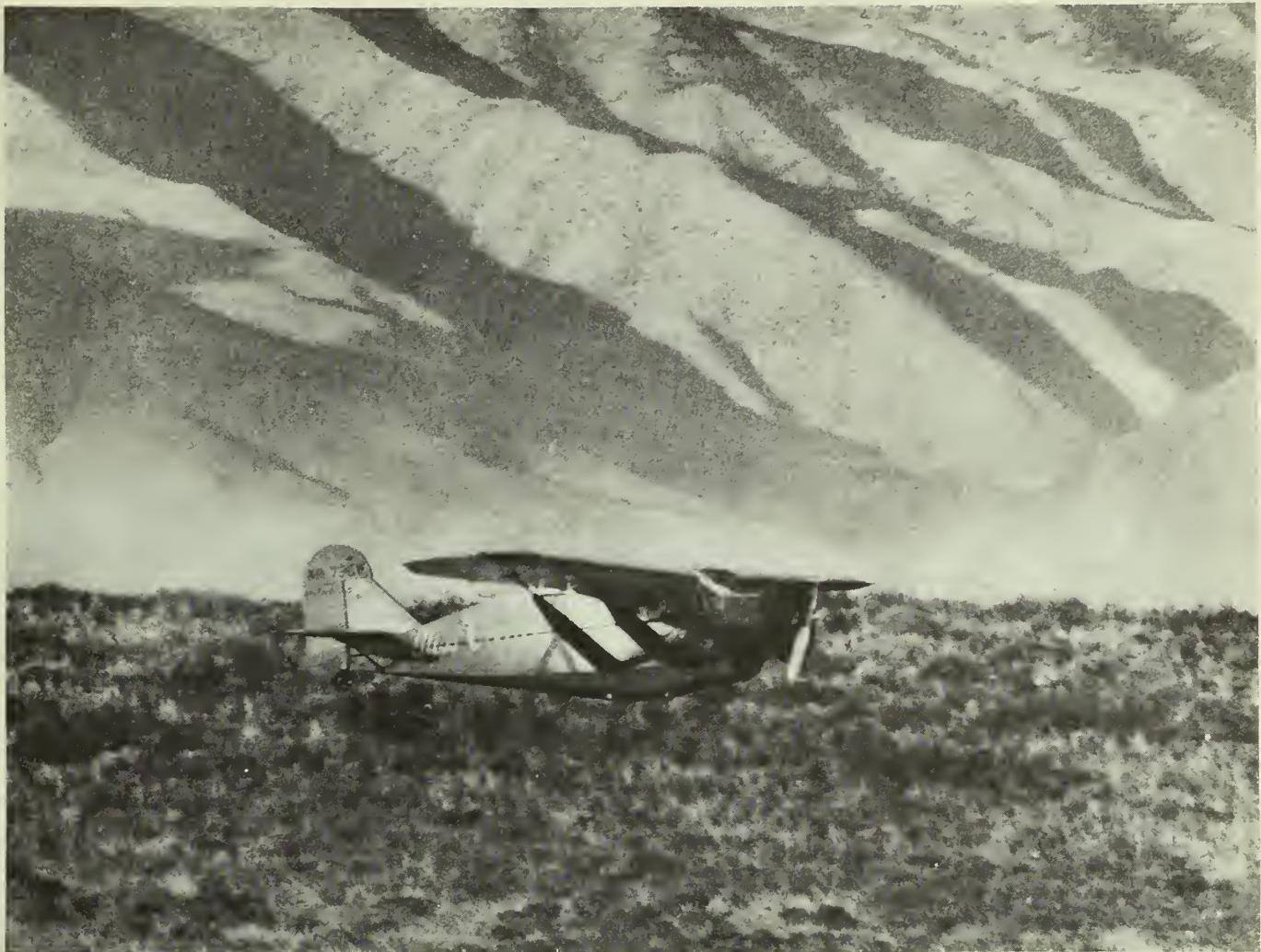
Another mystery thriller was scheduled to get under way, and the very first dramatic sequence was to be marked by murder most foul. On the set were all the proper furnishings of a luxurious pent-house, the lair of a Broadway playboy. The play script provided that in the midst of hilarity a thunder storm was to descend, putting out the lights. In the attending darkness a certain member of the cast was to seize a Dalmatian dagger from a writing desk and insert it expertly and fatally between the ribs of the unsuspecting host. It sounded like a dirty trick but of course I knew nothing about the host. When the lights were to come on again the playboy would be found stricken on the floor with the dagger protruding. That is not a very nice way to repay hospitality, but what would you do when six ensuing reels must be devoted to casting justifiable suspicion on many innocent persons before the true culprit was uncovered?

But the crisis I speak of had nothing to do with unjust suspicions. It focused on the murder instrument itself.

Nowhere in all Southern California had the studio property man been able to locate a true Dalmatian dagger. It had to be a real one with a jewel-encrusted handle and peculiar curving blade. Author and director were adamant on that point. Persian daggers, Chinese daggers, Tasmanian daggers, snickersnees native to most of the countries in the world were available, but none of them would do. Until a genuine Dalmatian dagger was at hand the picture would not get under way. Someone would be held responsible for the swelling payroll of an expensive idle cast until the right dagger were found.

Now it is the duty of a property man to produce whatever is needed, no matter how rare or remote the object specified may be. For several hours it looked as if the next rare thing the property man would have to find would be a job—for himself. Under the spur of such necessity he lived up to the traditions of his profession. A long-distance call to New York supplied the hopeful information that a certified Dalmatian dagger rested in a curio shop showcase there and was available for hire or purchase. It was two P. M. on the coast when the impasse was ended, but on the Atlantic Seaboard it was five o'clock. The curio shop was about to close for the day. The proprietor, however, accommodatingly agreed to await a messenger. At 5:15 o'clock a uniformed air express collector was signing a receipt for a package. Such prompt collection is an inclusive feature of our service. The dagger had been delivered at the airport a few minutes before my





The first trans-Pacific plane (with Pangborn at the controls) just before she landed at Wenatchee, Washington, with her landing gear stripped off. On opposite page, Pilot Pangborn with the trophy commemorating the flight, on which he was accompanied by Hugh Herndon, Jr.

ridges rose higher forcing me to increase altitude I began missing them. Then I lost them altogether. On all sides blinding mist surrounded me. Before the advent of radio there would have been only one sensible thing to do—turn back and fly by compass to my starting point. But not these days. I simply adjusted my head-set and tuned in. Immediately came into my ears a repeating dash-dot, the letter N. It told me I was north of my course. Turning south I came back into the strong, steady signals of the main direction beacon. And there below, faint but unmistakable, were the lights again. Thereafter I managed to keep them in sight until the mountains had passed behind.

Over the plains a strong cold wind greeted me. It had swept the heavy fog away. Vision became perfect. Soon I saw on the horizon the beckoning beacon of the Columbus, Ohio, airport, 460 miles from New York. Shortly before nine o'clock I circled and made a landing. For half an hour I had a chance to stretch my cramped muscles while studying weather reports while mechanics checked motor and plane and refueled. Then I was off again. The new weather report determined my altitude. I stayed

arrival. It was included in the consignment of packages in the sealed compartment of my plane. Of course such a small article in no way infringed on our limitations for express matter, which are two hundred pounds in weight for a single unit, maximum bulk 50x34x16 inches.

The fog grew worse as I approached the foothills of the Alleghanies, obscuring the light beacons. I had to stay low to see them at all. When the

low, hedge-hopping across the rest of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

The weather report had given me exact details of the force of that gale which had brushed away the unseasonable mists. The headwinds, which are constant flying westward, were extreme at five thousand feet and above, ninety miles an hour. To buck them would slow my cruising speed to less than a hundred miles an hour. At one thousand feet the wind velocity was forty miles an hour, and that was bad enough. I opened the throttle several notches.

That weather report was worth many miles and minutes to me. True, I would have learned the condition by experience had I climbed at once to five thousand feet, for I would have checked my ground speed against landmarks as I flew on. Advance information saved me that trouble. Had I been flying eastward the same information would have caused me deliberately to seek out the higher altitude. Aided then by such a forceful tailwind, at cruising speed I would have streaked through the night at better than two hundred and fifty miles an hour. On a recent trip flying east I climbed to fifteen thousand feet to take advantage of a sixty-mile tailwind. I don't think I have ever flown in clearer air than on that night. From three miles high I counted the tiny light-clusters of sixty towns and cities from west of Springfield, Ohio, to the dull glow of Columbus, more than one hundred miles distant. The weather service supplied by the Government is invaluable. Not only does it speed operations by providing information enabling pilots to minimize or capitalize varying wind conditions, but also it warns us of storms and fog areas lying in ambush along our air trail. Naturally we then avoid them by flying around the condition.

It was close to eleven o'clock when I landed for further weather reports and fuel at East St. Louis, 860 miles from New York. Back East it was midnight, but I had gained an hour by flying from Eastern to Central time. The servicing crew worked fast, yet I was half an hour behind schedule (*Continued on page 44*)

# P. W.

*By*  
*Victor Volmar*

## *Part Two*

*I*N THIS second and final instalment of the chronicle of his military experiences, Mr. Volmar describes his life as a guest of the A. E. F. in the hands of a Prisoner of War Escort Company. His narrative here resumes with the dawn of the day that followed his transfer from the French guards who had brought him back from the lines near St. Mihiel.

**T**HE next morning we could see what kind of a place we were in. There were several barracks, but these were all outside the stockade and for the American troops in whose care we were now. We were lined up several times and the Hungarians divided from the Germans and then confined to a very small enclosure in which we spent exactly two weeks in constant rain and mud and cold at night. Twice a day we received a can of corn willie for five men and a piece of French bread, not too big either. Sometimes a can of beans for every five men was added to this diet. But we could have all the water we wanted, which gave us a lot of digestive troubles. Since we were not given any can openers and all hard objects had been taken away from us we had to manage to open the cans with nails, wire, pieces of wood and other debris. Many of the Hungarians left this place in ambulances, and a doctor came around once a day. He was a kind fellow, distributing pills to right and left, which was the only thing he could do.

I met here the corporal and two men from the narrow-gauge railroad. The corporal with one of the men had been captured at his dugout and the French even permitted them to go back and get all their blankets and supplies they wanted. One of the Hungarians had been heroic enough to try to blow up a nearby ammu-



tion depot and had been stabbed by one of the French soldiers.

The first Sunday we spent here a Catholic priest arrived with a portable altar to celebrate mass for the benefit of the Catholic prisoners.

Several times prisoners, especially those from the telephone service, were taken by the French to town, well fed and then subjected to a cross examination. I do not think that they told much and there was never any violence used against them.

On the tenth day there came to the gate a detail of French soldiers and most of the Hungarian and some German prisoners were turned over to them. I was so sick of this place that I tried to get away too, and I did this in a very unmilitary manner. I approached the French officer and told him that I had been captured by the French and therefore felt that I should be turned over to him. Instead of bawling me out for my insolence he smiled, then shook hands with the American officer in charge and left. At that time I did not yet realize that the American treatment was by far better than the French, mainly for the very simple reason that the French were very poor themselves.

A FEW more days passed and then suddenly there was a great commotion among the Americans and a bugler climbed up the water tower and blew a signal. Soon one of the sergeants, whom I knew by this time quite well, came in and told me that we had to get ready. Well, I needed no long preparations—I was ready just as I stood there. We passed the quartermaster's barrack to take along bread and boxes with canned food and then

*Illustration by  
V. E. Pyles*



"When they saw me with the American  
they started yelling 'Ah, non, un Boche!'  
and threw us both out"

we were led to the railroad station, where we were stowed away in the famous 40/8 cars. The cars were of the oldest type and had just been fumigated and the air was awful. We were about fifty men to a car and were not let out for two days while we were sometimes rolling along and sometimes stopping, mostly the latter. It is impossible to describe what happened in the cars during this time. I was huddled up, as much as that is possible with my height. My head was in a box that was too small for it, and on this box there was a bag with ground coffee, saved as a great treasure by one of the fellows who was sitting on it, and every time he made a move the ground coffee fell into my face.

We did not know where we were going and several times I heard what I believed to be the whistle of a steamer or tugboat and then found out that it was the whistle of the American locomotives. As I knew later, we were on the road toward Tours and most of the trains were operated by Americans. A great many wrecked French freight cars were all along the road, simply thrown off the tracks and down the embankment.

At Saint Pierre des Corps, just outside Tours, we were finally let out. I had fever then and could hardly make the stretch to the large American prison camp. I think I never felt I was in a more American atmosphere than right there, not even in the United States. Entire streets had been built by Americans and were lined with American barracks which had their own water

supply, sewer and light system all constructed by A. E. F. men.

At the camp we were first given a bath. All our clothes were kept for fumigation and we received new outfits, besides also a bag which contained another set of underwear, blankets, shoes and, oh, wonder, a tooth brush. With these we passed through a barracks filled with clerks, typewriters, and card indexes, somewhat similar to Ellis Island, where an individual record was made of all the prisoners. Some of the clerks were Germans. Most of these fellows were non-coms, all of them well dressed, and they affected a very high hat air. When talking to each other they would address themselves by "Herr Soandso" if they had the same military rank, of course, otherwise as "Herr Sergeant Major," "Herr Sergeant" and so down the ladder, while the Americans yelled for Jack or Joe.

THE food at this camp was very good and abundant. We were housed in barracks and although straw mattresses were missing in some, we slept in comparative comfort.

Tours was the headquarters for prisoners, where were made up the different companies of 450 men each, including two butchers, two barbers, two tailors, two shoemakers and four interpreters. I reported as believing myself capable for this latter job and very soon, I may say this with little modesty, I was considered the best of the four detailed to our company. Two were non-coms, and the third was a private like myself.

We were soon put on a train to Langres (Haute Marne), this time in a better condition. Our escort company was colored

P. J. Plunkett  
1248 Hague Av.  
St. Paul Minnesota  
W. S. A.

Dewitt T. Huckabee  
Springfield  
S.C.

Mr. John Karcher  
847 556 Clinton Ave  
Detroit Mich

John F. Healey  
Macon Mo  
U. S. A.

Charles G. Trotter  
Riverton Illinois  
U.S.A.

Walter H. Vollmer  
St. V, Route 2  
Milwaukee Wis  
U.S.A.

Clay A. Nix  
Stockdale Texas.

Where are they now? The autograph collection of Volmar includes these given by obliging Yanks who had the job of guarding him

and very friendly. In the railroad car I found a container with ground coffee and I had one of those large bucketlike German mess-kits, so when we happened to stop opposite an American locomotive I asked the engineer for hot water and we had real coffee.

At Langres it was pouring and after a half hour's walk we arrived at a stockade with several barracks in it which had just been erected and which were filled with barbed wire, lumber and junk. There were no bunks and no floors yet; in fact, the foundations rested on stones at some places one foot above the muddy ground, so that wind and water had free entrance and made us shiver. We had had very little food on the railroad journey and I was hungrier that day than ever before or after. We had to put up the kitchen ourselves before we could get anything to eat, and what we got late that same day was very little. The food continued to be scarce for several weeks and was our greatest problem. There was another problem, however, and that was the cold. We interpreters were in a special barrack and at night we would sneak out to steal some wood from the kitchen and make a fire inside. Since there was no stove, the whole place was soon so filled with smoke that we had to open the windows and stick our heads outside.

One of us four, a corporal, was in many ways a clever fellow. He was a man of some education and had been abroad before. He quickly got chummy with the doughboys and had a jolly way of getting plenty of eats from them. Very soon he was in business selling at a considerable profit souvenirs made by his comrades, buying with the proceeds cigars and similar luxuries which he in turn resold at a profit to the prisoners. He had some five hundred francs in his possession when he made his escape in an American uniform, about two months after our arrival at Langres. He was a good piano player and two days before the colored company was to be relieved by a white one he simply walked to the gate and told the corporal that the captain had asked him to come over and play the piano at the Y. M. C. A. hut. The corporal opened the gate and out walked the "piano player," never to come back. We received several postcards from Germany from him in which he wrote us that he could have made the trip in two days, but that he had been in no hurry and had some business to transact (perhaps with Uncle Sam without paying),

so that it had taken him seven days instead and that he had enjoyed the journey very much. In his American uniform he had then visited the Heidelberg Castle and attended a costume ball.

Conditions improved gradually at the camp until our place was in very good shape, perhaps better than many of the American quarters. There was a motor park with plenty of spare parts nearby and every morning at seven o'clock the guards came up to our gate to get their different work details. Most prisoners worked at the spare parts, others in barracks, kitchens, and on garbage and other trucks.

I worked for some time in a kitchen, and a colored guard got me and three or four other fellows very early every morning to take us over to the mess which was at about half an hour's distance, and I certainly enjoyed the walk. We had all we wanted to eat and besides complete liberty at this kitchen and could have easily made our getaway if we wanted to. The cooks were mostly colored, of the one-arm beanery type. One night one of them took us home instead of our regular guard. He was a somewhat nutty but good natured fellow and suddenly a funny idea came into his mind. He strapped his belt with his gun around me and

let me walk behind him and the other prisoners. I had the time of my life to persuade him to take back his gun when we approached a village where there were officers and a lot of M. P.'s to get him into trouble.

There were always children hanging around the mess, trying to get here and there a bite to eat, and I supplied them freely whenever I could. Across the street lived a woman who kept pigs and rabbits and we took our garbage over to her almost every day, and sometimes it was not all garbage either. She was very friendly and rewarded us with a glass of wine, which I refused but which my comrade always accepted cheerfully and emptied it with a "A wotter saengtay, madam," which was about the only French he had learned. She would answer very politely, "À la vôtre, monsieur, à la vôtre." One day I stayed home on account of a cold and this fellow brought me two real eggs which she had given him for me. We



Lieutenant Ira Madison Bartlow, U. S. A., now of Pacific Grove, California, one of the officers in charge of the prison camp. All the furnishings in the room were made by the German prisoners

went from time to time also to another family near this kitchen. The house looked very sloppy, but the reception was always very kind on the part of the mother and her two rather pretty

daughters who often addressed us as "messieurs." One day, however, the little three-year-old sister was sitting outside and when she saw us come she yelled to announce us: "Maman, les Boches!" The mother and the older daughters came out, highly embarrassed when I grinned at them. This incident did not stop us from going there.

I had occasion to talk to a number of people at this place, both Americans and others, because this was a casual camp and the men we fed stayed at the most one or two days. One day several Italian soldiers came in who had been in German captivity and were now, after the Armistice, on their way back to Italy. At that time I could not yet speak Italian but I understood from them that Germany had not been a paradise for them.

After six weeks' work at this kitchen I stayed permanently as interpreter in the stockade and there I had really very little to do. I shared my quarters with an old sergeant major, as dumb, grouchy and lazy as they come. We hardly ever exchanged a word because I did not care to and he thought it under his dignity to become familiar with a mere private. He had absolutely nothing to do but eat. His name figured on the payroll as company clerk but he could hardly write his own name and somebody else was doing the work for him. One day he got the crazy notion to pick up some empty bean cans, fill them with earth and weeds, which he thought to be flowers, and put them on the outside of our window. The next morning, when he opened the window, he was highly surprised to find his collection considerably enriched by enormous syrup and similar cans with more enormous weeds, labeled "Tomatoes," "Hominy," "Rhubarb," etc., and under it a big sign reading "To the Flower Friend."

Our first escort company, as I mentioned above, was colored. The officers were white, of course. We got along fine with them and the captain was a most charming fellow of culture and education. Around Christmas, the colored company went back home and a white company took its place. I forgot their number but we were P. W. Company 50 and our post office number was 714. The captain of this new company had strange ideas on discipline and orders and always seemed afraid that something might happen to him if he did not carry them out to the letter. Nevertheless he was not unkind and no stricter with us than with his American troops, perhaps even less strict. Twice he had an occasion to punish me but did not do it—the first time when I went without permission on a truck to Longeau, a village in the neighborhood, the second time when I reported the case of a sick man to a visiting colonel. This latter action on my part was wholly unnecessary because I believe that had I reported the man to the captain he would have seen to it that he was taken care of.

At first we had only a second lieutenant, Bartlow; later First Lieutenant Aiken, a newspaper man by profession, joined the company. They were both splendid fellows, everywhere much liked.

We spent about ten months with this company, until we were sent back, and I will relate a few of the curious happenings during that time.

One day a minister came into our stockade to speak in the mess hall. The captain's orders were that an unarmed person had to be escorted by guards, and he promptly sent in about half a dozen men with bayonets to watch the exits of the mess hall,

which was filled with almost our entire company. When the prisoners saw this they immediately flocked back to their barracks and declared that they wanted no sermon with bayonets. The minister himself was indignant over this procedure and finally persuaded the captain to call his men back. He then said to us that he had spoken to several thousand prisoners without losing his life and that he thought we were just about as good or as bad as the rest of them.

In our mess hall we gave a show once or twice a month and most of the material and musical instruments used in it were made by prisoners. We were fortunate enough to have two or three fellows that could make almost anything. Just to mention a few things, they turned out guitars, violins, photographic cameras, chessmen, padlocks, pocket knives, electrical installations, gymnasium bars, swings, and repaired watches and pianos. After

they had successfully repaired one piano, thirteen more were sent in, all in very run-down condition, and they made seven of the thirteen work.

I was allowed to go uptown about half a dozen times to buy sheet music, paint, violin and guitar strings, dictionaries and many other things. Once I bought a French-made German imitation belt-buckle match case with "Gott mitt Uns" on it—the "mitt" misspelt (there is only one t). Then I found my way around to the house of a plasterer. I knocked at the door and his wife came out and remained speechless when she saw a "Boche" and an American guard. I asked her for plaster and she answered that she would sell me some but that she had no bag to put it in. So I went to a grocery store and to the amazement of the grocer and his clients, who had never seen a similar customer before, I bought a paper bag. Since my guard had

been instructed that I



Volmar (at left) with a fellow prisoner whose ability to play the piano gave him special privileges in the prison camp at Langres, as a result of which he escaped in an American uniform, reaching German soil seven days later

was just to get strings and paint for our stage and since he understood no French, I told him the plaster was white paint. In a pharmacy I bought some powder which, when a match was held to it, would give the effect of lightning which we needed for the next show. The imitation belt-buckle match box was for our sergeant major who, like many others, was eagerly engaged in the manufacture of "genuine" German souvenirs. He lived next door to me and that afternoon I found his office in great confusion and plaster all over the place. He had cut the match box all to pieces and had made a plaster cast of the "Gott mitt Uns" which he filled with lead melted in the stove and made about twenty belt buckle ornaments. The buckle itself he cut from tin and the belts he cut from machine-gun belts brought in from the outside. When everything was put together it looked almost genuine, only that one got black hands touching the buckle and that under a little pressure the thing would easily come apart, but our American guards bought them as real ones for twenty francs apiece. The sergeant major was imprudent enough to leave a number of these "Gott (Continued on page 51)



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN KABEL

"SHE SPEAKS A VARIOUS LANGUAGE"

Nature, to him who holds communion with her visible forms, still speaks in Washington in terms of cherry blossoms, blue sky and sunlit waters. The tranquillity of this scene looking toward the Lincoln Memorial contrasts with the atmosphere of other sectors of the nation's capital in these days of stress

# *The* BENEFIT *of the* DOUBT

*By Philip Von Blon*

**A**BOUT the time in February when Congress's Joint Committee on Veterans' Affairs was winding up the hearings which it had conducted for two months there came floating out of New York's financial district a pair of definitions which made plain the difference between an economist and a statistician.

The ten members of Congress who had been sitting for days and days behind a green-topped table in a huge room lined with mirrors and hung with crystal chandeliers had never been able to determine for themselves just where a statistician left off and became an economist and the exact stage at which an economist, chameleon-like, became a statistician. The point interested the five Senators and the five Representatives who composed the committee because during the hearings it had witnessed a parade of economists, statisticians, lawyers and publicity counselors who represented the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the National Economy League and the National Association of Manufacturers.

The depression had taken the lustre off most of the country's business prophets and soothsayers and crystal gazers, but the organizations which were demanding governmental economy at the expense of the disabled service man had enlisted a brigade of these acutely wise gentlemen who are trained to prove anything with charts and graphs and tables. Congress was still a bit dazed by the mathematical acrobatics of the economy experts when John Thomas Taylor, vice chairman of the Legion's National Legislative Committee, relayed New York's own definition of the two leading species.

"An economist," Mr. Taylor quoted, "is one who starts in by knowing a great deal about very little and gets to know more and more about less and less until he finally knows practically everything about nothing at all, while a statistician begins by knowing very little about a great deal and as he goes along gets to know less and less about more and more until in the end he knows practically nothing about everything."

**W**HEN the special congressional committee finished its hearings, it decided that the time remaining before the adjournment of Congress would not permit it to submit a report which could be made the basis of action at this session. This decision confirmed the victory of The American Legion, which for months had been defending veterans' legislation against the fiercest attacks which the economy organizations could bring against it. The victory, however, could not be a final one, for the new Congress would consider the problem where the old Congress left off. The definite victory could only come if and when the economy organizations' proposals were presented on the floors of the House and Senate after March 4th.

Indications were that the special joint committee had not accepted the arguments and contentions of the economy organizations' spokesmen, who drew up a series of more than twenty demands, devised to strike \$450,000,000 from the sum Uncle Sam

spends annually for veterans of all wars and their dependents.

The issue raised by these demands was quite plain. It was this: Shall Congress retain the traditional policy of dealing with war veterans in a broad spirit of liberality and humanitarianism, in the spirit which gives a service man with a claim the benefit of a doubt, or shall Congress adopt a new policy in which a disabled service man would receive only what he could force from a reluctant Government by complying with a set of impossible requirements to establish proof of service connection of his disabilities?

Upon the answer depended the future of several hundred thousand men who had been incapacitated, wholly or partly, in their country's service, and upon the answer depended the very lives of some of them.

The economy forces which had been beseeching Congress to repeal most of the important pieces of veterans' legislation failed in their purpose because their weapons were legal briefs, charts and statistics, because their spokesmen were lawyers from eminent legal firms and specially-retained, high-salaried publicity counselors, and because the Congressional committee was bound to be impressed by the conviction that every argument they voiced was shot through and through with selfish interest.

The American Legion met every assault of the economy spokesmen. The Legion answered lawyers' briefs with the testimony of medical experts on tuberculosis and mental and nervous diseases. The Legion repelled the charts and tables of statisticians and economists with facts on what it means to families to have breadwinners in hospitals or helpless in their own homes.

**W**ITH the assaults of the economy organizations temporarily checked, the Legion's own committee appointed by National Commander Johnson to study all veterans' legislation kept on working. It will determine whether all the laws are fair to veteran and Government alike. Its chairman is Past National Commander O. L. Bodenhamer of Arkansas, and its members include notable Legionnaires representing every section of the country. It will report to the National Executive Committee when that body holds its next meeting at Indianapolis in May.

The Legion's own committee has been studying all the evidence presented before the Congressional committee and has been gathering fresh material on its own account. If there are extravagant and unjust payments to service men under existing laws, the Legion is going to tell the country about them frankly. It will at the same time proclaim anew the soundness of the basic legislation for service men, so fully demonstrated in the Congressional hearings.

The representatives of the National Economy League, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and the National Manufacturers' Association consumed many days before the Congressional committee in presenting their tables and charts and briefs. They brought forward their arguments with academic precision. They demonstrated (Continued on page 56)

# The Naval Reserve STANDS BY

*By George W. Akers*

*Secretary-Treasurer, United States Naval Reserve Officers Association*

A COMPARATIVELY few generations ago a large percentage of our male population went down to the sea in ships and the difference between the man-o-war and the merchant ship was so slight that the addition of guns to the latter readily converted it to a fairly respectable fighting ship.

The march of progress and corresponding increasing specialization have decreed, however, that today's merchant and war ships are entirely dissimilar. The fighting ship is good for nothing else and the merchantman is not suitable for war purposes except in a limited and auxiliary way. The addition of submarines and aircraft has further complicated and specialized naval forces.

Today no country can afford to keep in active service the ships, aircraft and men actually necessary for its defense against any major power. The World War increase of our Navy shows what happens in a major war. The number of men in the naval service increased from 56,000 to about 500,000, the number of officers from 4,300 to about 33,000 and the number of ships in commission from 197 to 2,003.

Many navy ships are now out of commission or in reserve and the others are operating with crews much less than war complements. A conservative estimate has set 120 intensive training days as necessary to properly train and equip civilians to make up

crews of the expanded fleet. To partially fill this gap we have today a small naval reserve.

Massachusetts was the first State to recognize officially the need for a citizen naval force and in 1887 incorporated under its laws a naval militia. Many States followed suit until, in 1916, twenty-one States, one territory and the District of Columbia maintained naval militia organizations. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War they furnished 4,216 of the 10,373 additional men taken into the Navy for that war.

The United States Naval Reserve Force was created by the Act of August 29, 1916. This act federalized the naval militia which became known as the National Naval Volunteers, but by the Act of July 1, 1918, the National Naval Volunteers became part of the U. S. Naval Reserve Force. During the World War and immediately thereafter many improvements were seen to be desirable to the Reserve and the act of July 1, 1925, created an entirely new organization, dropping the word "Force" from the name and becoming the present day United States Naval Reserve, with three classes: Fleet, Volunteer and Merchant Marine. The Reserve then became for the first time a component part of the regular Navy. The Naval Reserve is a federal force but members are also allowed to belong to the naval militia and, in such States as have naval militia laws, many organizations have this dual



First aids to the nation's first line of defense—Naval Reservists (these are from New Jersey) shoving off for their annual training period

## AT THE READY

The Reservists answer the call "Man overboard" while training aboard an Eagle boat

status. The Fleet Naval Reserve consists of officers and men either in training or qualified for immediate general combatant duties afloat, including aviation duties. Those qualified but not training are men transferred to the Reserve after 16 or 20 years and men assigned to it after four or more years' service in the regular Navy.

The balance of the Fleet Reserve, many times called "the National Guard of the Navy," is organized into divisions of definite allowed strength as to officers and men. Where there is more than one seagoing division in a city they are organized into battalions, and in locations where there are multiple aviation divisions they are organized into squadrons. Each division is required to perform weekly drills at their regular armories or aviation bases and 15 days' active training duty each year. There are 149 seagoing divisions and 31 aviation divisions with training quarters in 83 cities of the continental United States and one in Hawaii. Upon mobilization for war, each fleet division is required to man a definitely named vessel, or in the case of aviation divisions to form definitely specified aviation squadrons, and their training is directed to this end. For the purpose of perfecting their training some 70 reserve aviation officers are maintained on six months' training duty with the fleet each year, a specialized, highly important service to the national defense.

Next to sufficient appropriations and sympathetic support of the Navy Department, the fleet divisions need community support. It requires an unusual interest and spirit to bring the Reserves down to an armory at 8 o'clock at night after a long day in a factory or office. Once this interest is allowed to lag the entire organization falls behind, but the backing of the community can do much to offset this. The regular navy board that annually inspects the fleet reserve has noted the greater efficiency in the divisions enjoying the support of city officials, chambers of commerce, American Legion posts, and other service organizations.

The Volunteer Naval Reserve is composed of individuals rather than organizations; officers and men available for general detail, in the event of war, according to their qualifications. They are not required to drill or perform training duty except that some of them must have a certain amount of active training to qualify for promotion. They may, however, at their own request, perform active training duty when there are vacancies for them to do so. Also they may associate themselves with fleet divisions



for the purpose of acquiring training. Those who are specialists in radio communications have formed themselves into units for the purpose of receiving instruction in this branch, the instructions being given by means of high-frequency broadcasting sets which have been installed at advantageous points and send out code messages of instruction at designated times.

The Merchant Marine Naval Reserve is made up of officers and men of the American merchant marine who join the Naval Reserve and are available, in the event of war, on naval auxiliaries, or in the naval transportation service. To fly the naval reserve flag American ships must be designated by the Secretary of the Navy as suitable for service as a naval auxiliary in time of war, and the master and not less than 50 percent of the officers must be members of the Naval Reserve. At the present time there are 173 ships flying the naval reserve flag and 3077 merchant marine officers who hold commissions in the Reserve. The Naval Reserve pennant is considered to be a business asset to the merchant ships, especially if they carry passengers. The new liner *Manhattan*, commanded by Captain George (Continued on page 55)

★ *The National Commander Says —*

# WHAT SORT of FOLKS are WE ?

THE sun never sets on The American Legion. When the members of Shanghai Post are taking their setting-up exercises in the morning their buddies in Philadelphia are just rising from the dinner table, and at that same moment the members of Glasgow Post are (I hope) sleeping the sleep of tired Americans. Legionnaires in Montreal and Minneapolis are strapping on their skis at the identical time of year that Legionnaires in Buenos Aires are donning the Argentine equivalent of seersucker.

Wherever they may be, the wide world over, whatever the time of day and the status of the thermometer, these far-flung comrades of ours are bound together by one flag, one common creed of service rendered and yet to be rendered, one proud emblem—the blue and gold lapel button of The American Legion. Your Legion, their Legion, my Legion—but, most important of all, *our Legion!*

An army marches on its stomach—no Legionnaire requires the word of a Napoleon to make him believe that. An organization progresses according to the quality and the numerical strength of its membership—and no Legionnaire requires an elaborate statistical analysis from National Headquarters to make him believe *that*. I use the word quality not to flatter you but because it is a truth so apparent that it is apt to be lost sight of. Fifteen years ago we were supposed to be the cream of American manhood—everybody told us so—and no one who really knows us can say that in the interval the cream has gone sour. But let's not delude ourselves: Fifteen years ago we were *not* the cream of American manhood—we were just a group of four and a half million average Americans set apart only by the fact that we fell within certain age limits and had a certain tested physical and mental stamina that our country could use to the best advantage in the world—to preserve it a nation. We were the men in the street who became first the men in the camp and then the men in the battle line, undergoing the most gruelling test that anyone can possibly undergo for the proving of his right to American citizenship.

Certainly we came back from that experience different men—but different the right way. That America which we had fought to preserve meant probably a little more to us than it ever could to the man who, for one reason or another, had not been able to stand at our side.

We of the Legion, then, are of this sort and none other: We are ordinary Americans who, thanks to certain more or less uncomfortable experiences undergone half a generation ago, are a little more fully aware of the obligations and privileges of American citizenship than most of our fellows. We wear no horns, we trail no pointed tails, we do not breathe fire and brimstone. We are not Old Man Mephistopheles; we are just John Smith and George Jones and Bill Brown. We are not out to scuttle the ship of state. Having risked our lives, or proved a willingness to risk them, in order to maintain that same ship on an even keel, we are the last persons in the world who want to see it sink.

Obvious? Yes. But in these days when The American Legion is being charged with every high crime under the sun, it is not

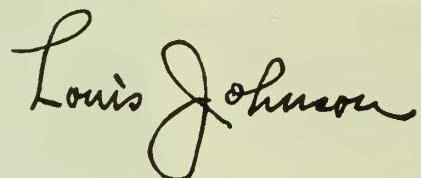
difficult for non-Legionnaire Americans to lose sight of the obvious.

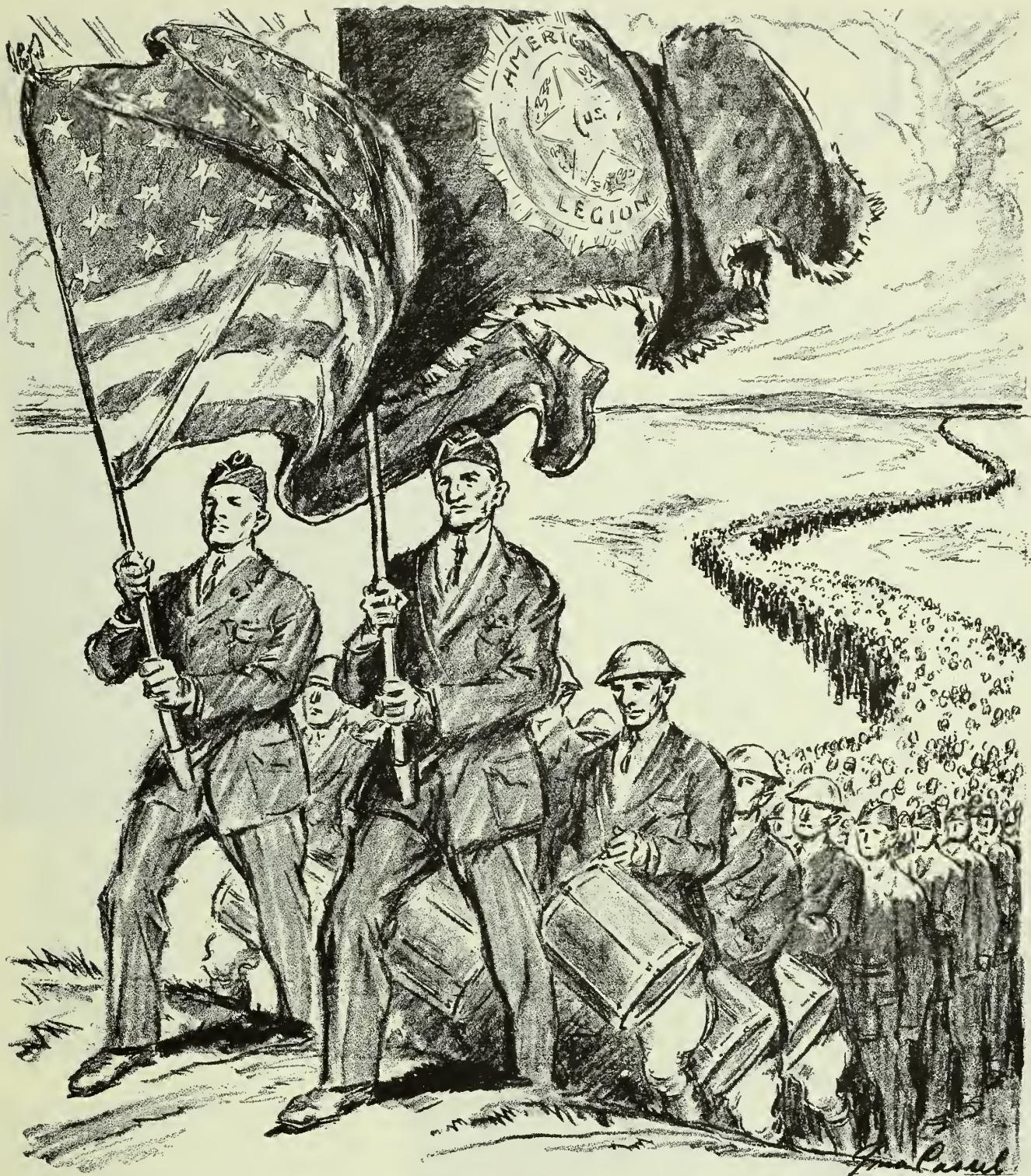
But in this very opposition to us, in this false and malicious propaganda that is being engineered for the most selfish ends, there is implied one of the finest compliments that has ever been paid any organization. Is the opposition concerned with other veteran organizations? Is the indictment which it seeks aimed at the veteran group generally? Ah, no. The opposition is concentrating its fire definitely, exclusively on The American Legion.

For this special and particular attention we should actually be grateful. It proves that in The American Legion the opposition sees the authentic representative body of all American veterandom. This, by the way, is a claim which The American Legion has never made for itself. The Legion's attitude invariably has been that it spoke solely for its own membership. But we of the Legion may certainly claim, with the fullest justice and accuracy, that The American Legion comes closer to voicing the will of American veterandom than any other organization.

If we do not, who does? Certainly no other veteran organization. Certainly the great body of non-organization veterans have no means of making their desires known to the American people, to Congress, even to one another. American veterandom looks to the Legion.

THE very fact that we of the Legion are not all of one view regarding some of the problems that confront us is itself an admirable indication of the representativeness of the Legion. We are big enough and cohesive enough and powerful enough to have differences of opinion in our own ranks and still to maintain our ranks. When, as occasionally happens, these differences of opinion cause a momentary and local breach, the breach is not only filled quickly but filled more abundantly than it was before the schism. A striking example of this occurred within recent weeks. In one State a group of disgruntled veterans, Legionnaires and non-Legionnaires, formed a society which they sought to make national in scope and membership—a plan that was abetted by powerful metropolitan newspaper interests. As these words are written the plan has not got very far, despite an amount of elaborate publicity that recalls the good old pre-1930 days when every financial interest was entrenched behind a battery of high-powered press agents. Not only has the plan got nowhere, but the very State in which it originated had enrolled 107 percent of its 1923-1932 ten-year average membership by December 31st last, and is at present leading the whole Legion in its 1933 proportionate enrolment. You will know what State I mean when you see its delegation heading the National Convention parade at Chicago in October, which it will do unless one of the half-dozen





"The more members we have the more we can accomplish for the cause whose creed is one to which every American should be proud to subscribe"

Cartoon by  
John Cassel

Departments which are treading hard on its heels catches up with it and passes it.

No veteran society in our history has ever approximated the size of The American Legion. The Grand Army of the Republic, at its point of maximum membership (which it did not reach until 1890, twenty-five years after Appomattox), had slightly more than 400,000 names on its roster.

The quota which National Headquarters has set for us this year is 925,739. It is my confident expectation as well as hope that we shall go sailing right by that figure and exceed a full million. We have done it before—done it, too, in an era of hard times—and we can do it again. We're going to do it again.

As your National Commander I shall devote my year to helping you reach that goal with all the power at my command. But in the last analysis the job will be up to you. It is a task that calls for the devoted energies not of a few posts, not of two thousand or five thousand posts, but of all of the nearly eleven thousand that make up The American Legion. Remember that if half the posts do a hundred percent job and the other half a no percent job, that will mean for the whole organization only a fifty percent job. When you men in Nevada and Louisiana go out for the best records you ever made, and get them, you are helping Georgia and New Jersey—and when they do the same they are helping you. The job, in its performance, is a (Continued on page 38)

# CHICAGO

by  
*James B. Forgan, Jr.*

**G**ONE are the days when timid old ladies wrote to railroads asking somehow to be routed around Chicago because they feared stray bullets. Those millions of us who lived in Chicago during the years of its worldwide notoriety and went about our daily tasks unscathed felt emotions between amusement and indignation at the world's wild ideas of our city. But Chicagoans should have been calloused to scare-heads long before the prohibition era.

Something or other about this city where the 1933 National Convention of The American Legion meets next October has kept it blinking in the limelight ever since it was a tiny trading post at the junction of an insignificant river and an inland sea. If publicity is desirable, then Chicago has for all its existence been a most fortunate community. It first seized the world's headlines in 1812. A philosopher might find something prophetic in the facts that it made its bow through bloodshed and that the immediate vicinity where this occurred had much to do with the city's later notoriety.

Where now the double-decked Michigan Boulevard bridge crosses the river, with four skyscrapers almost at its corner posts, then stood little log Fort Dearborn. This outpost was a young



When the bands begin to play in the Legion's great convention parade next October the marchers will strut their prettiest at the point on Michigan Boulevard where the Wrigley Building and the flag-topped Tribune Tower look down on the memorial marking the site of Fort Dearborn, where Chicago was born. Left, the famous Union Stock Yards



nation's defense against hostile Indians and against British who still would not believe that a silly experiment in republican government could survive. For nine years the fort stood sleepily beside the stagnant, smelly stream. The highest points in its history were the occasional Indian rumors which brought the district's civilians scurrying inside its peeled-log walls.

Rumors were frequent in early 1812 that war with England was

soon to come. Every frontiersman knew this would unleash the Indians, always friendly to the British. Even the War Department knew it. Orders came to abandon the fort and proceed to Fort Wayne. The Pottawattomies were already hostile. To march that tiny garrison into the open meant almost certain death. But orders were orders, then as now.

At 9 A. M. of August 15, 1812, a thin column set forth: Wives, children, traders, farmers, officers, and files—all told more than one hundred, with an escort of friendly Miamis from Fort Wayne. The band played The Dead March. For two miles all went well, then a shot

was fired from a sandhill. Within a few minutes half the whites were dead, including twelve small children tomahawked in a wagon by one warrior.

Twenty-first Street and Indiana Avenue intersect where the massacre gave Chicago its baptism of blood. A city block distant stands an old hotel which, little over a century later, was the reputed headquarters for a crew that shed more blood and gave

# CALLING



Along the Chicago River imposing buildings and an eight million-dollar, double-deck highway that actually provides for parking of automobiles, bring a note of modernity to an old commercial section. At right, a group of new buildings look out on the tree-lined campus of the University of Chicago, site of the city's first World's Fair of forty years ago

Chicago ten thousand times more notoriety than ever did the Pottawatomies. Three blocks from the massacre site is 2222 South Wabash Avenue, formerly the Four Deuces Café but now a prosaic lunchroom. It is famous as the place where an obscure bouncer won his spurs with the speed of an Alger hero and climbed to leadership of that gang and to worldwide infamy as Scarface Al Capone, only to end his career in a Federal prison.

Within four years of the Fort Dearborn massacre the fort was rebuilt and the permanent settlement of Chicago was a fact. But for a long while it was only a settlement, "a police station against the Indians" as one historian called it. It remained a straggling clump of huts until the Black Hawk War of 1832 put an end to Indian scares in Illinois. But this tuppenny war had an even more important effect on the growth of Chicago, for it brought into the district a multitude of soldiers from the East who returned home as so many walking, talking billboards advertising the fertility of the soil and the

wealth to be gained therefrom. Within a few years they had set in motion a stream of immigration which was not to cease until the farmlands were filled and the city crowded—if, for that matter, it has even now ceased more than temporarily.

As the country was settled, Chicago simply had to grow. Here it stood at the lower end of Lake Michigan, the farthest point open to vessels from the East. Half a dozen miles westward lay that freakish low watershed which determined that the Great Lakes should drain through the St. Lawrence instead of into the Gulf of Mexico. But it was a short, easy portage to the Dcs Plaines, which emptied into the Illinois, thence to the Mississippi. The Erie Canal had been opened in the 20's, and New York could ship its products on water to Chicago by way of Buffalo. The site of Fort Dearborn inevitably became the last point for outfitting all settlers headed farther west.

Twenty-one years after the massacre—lacking five days—Chicago was incorporated on August 10, 1833. This event A Century of Progress, better known as the 1933 World's Fair, commemorates.

On the heels of its new-won dignity as an incorporated town, Chicago enjoyed and subsequently suffered a relapse from a typical frontier speculative orgy in town lots. So bitter was the memory for years thereafter that when an optimistic speaker of the 40's prophesied that children then living would see the city reach 50,000 population, his audience jeered his forecast with the unbelieving cry, "Town lots!" Well might those pioneers laugh at his optimism, for the city had gained few inhabitants since the real estate boom, hogs wallowed undisturbed in the depths of the street mud, the town seemed dying on the vine.

Wheat rescued it from its threatened oblivion. New settlers plowed the virgin prairies, planted wheat and corn and barley.



How it yielded! To get to market, this grain must pour through the lake ports. Chicago was the sole port for all the hinterland to west and south of the lake. The one obstacle was the gumbo mud roads. Somebody heard of plank roads, built one, charged a toll. Presently plank roads came to Chicago from every direction, over the routes which today are the main-traveled concrete highways.

(Chances are you will drive to the convention over one of these rights of way.) The grain trade increased.

Then William B. Ogden, a rich young New Yorker who had settled in Chicago and had become its first mayor, promoted and built in 1848 the city's first railroad—over the protests of local merchants who feared that when farmers could ship their grain they would no longer come to town to spend the proceeds. Its first stretch, ten miles out to the Des Plaines River, carried so much wheat to lakewater that the short line earned tremendous profits. Within six years the little line had grown to become the nucleus of the Chicago and North-Western. On its route it tapped the Illinois Central, a road whose planners had not bothered to run it into the tiny town on the lake. By that time, also, the little city had six trunk-line railroads and was the greatest railroad center of the world, an eminence from which it has yet to be ousted.

Now all these railroads brought grain and more grain. From less than one hundred bushels of wheat shipped east in 1838, Chicago's grain shipments exceeded thirty million bushels in 1860. (In May of that year the city was host in its ramshackle Wigwam to the young Republican Party's convention which nominated for President an Illinois man named Lincoln.) Direct consequence of Chicago's dominance in world grain trade is the 45-story Board of Trade Building, highest in town, which dominates the canyon of LaSalle Street, financial center of the Middle West.

An important reason why this new West could produce so great a surplus of grain was the labor-saving machine being turned out at a prodigious rate by McCormick's Reaper Works, the first important industry of the city, founded a few years earlier by a Virginian who came here to be near his market and handy to raw materials. He was the forerunner of countless manufacturers who subsequently saw the same advantages in the location. His reaper, harnessed to the black muck of the Mississippi Valley, permitted the district to produce grain at low cost. Lake Michigan's low freight rates to the East established

Chicago as the most important of the grain centers of the world.

Before long this distinction brought another in its train. Cincinnati had been so far ahead of the field in slaughtering hogs that during the first half of the last century it was known as Porkopolis. But the center of livestock population moved westward as the country beyond Chicago began raising cattle, hogs, and sheep in tremendous quantity. To the city at the foot of Lake Michigan the ever-growing railroads brought more and more animals. In 1865 the city's scattered slaughterhouses and packing plants were replaced by the Union Stock Yards, a new center occupying a section of land several miles southwest of the city. Today the city has grown far beyond it.

This square mile, the east half of which is technically "The Yards" and the west half "Packingtown," has brought more visitors to Chicago than any other single enterprise. Even today, when similar establishments on a smaller scale are operating in

scores of American cities, an astonishing proportion of all travelers insists on seeing The Yards. Incidentally, the best time is early on Monday morning when the pens are crowded with the new "livestock receipts."

Packingtown might long have remained a place where pork was salted or pickled or otherwise preserved. But in the 70's a Yankee cattle buyer named Gustavus F. Swift came to Chicago. Unlike most of his predecessors he was primarily a beef man who shipped cattle east for slaughtering. He pondered the waste of shipping live animals when two-fifths of their weight was inedible. From his pondering came the workable refrigerator car, which must eventually have been invented by somebody if Swift had not tinkered together the experiments of half a dozen pioneers into a few cars which, unbelievable as it was to his contemporaries, when properly iced would haul dressed beef and deliver it to any place in the country all sweet and actually better eating than the day it started its journey. Armour and Morris and the rest quickly followed Swift's lead, and Chicago became the world's butcher shop.

The fast-growing city—nothing like its rise had ever been seen on the globe—ignored the gibes of envious rivals. Thirty years earlier Chicago had been the target of sneers from larger towns such as St. Joseph, Michigan, and Michigan City, Indiana. Now it drew the heavy artillery of such old-established centers as New Orleans, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Milwaukee. Its growth, they declaimed, was unsound. Its huge wholesale trade was due to brags and lies. Let just one catastrophe strike and it would join

Troy and Carthage as an archaeologist's curiosity.

As if in answer to their prayers came the Chicago Fire. On the West Side the houses were crowded together and their rooms were crowded too—mostly with hard-working, hard-fighting, often hard-drinking immigrants. On Sunday evening, October 8, 1871, some roomers in the home of one Patrick O'Leary were having what today would be called a party. Beer flowed freely and subsequent rumors mentioned more cheering beverages. The saga, for by now it has become a saga, has it that milk was needed to



An echo from the past—the replica of Columbus's Santa Maria which delighted the visitors of 1893, anchored in the outer harbor of the city's Jackson Park

make a milk punch. Someone went out with a lantern, the cow kicked it over, the fire was started. Chicago of those days had been built of soft, quick-burning pine. All summer long a drought had prevailed. This evening the southwest wind was high.

The fire burned through Tuesday. It wiped out the business district, most of the North Side, cut a gash across the West Side. Of the city's 60,000 buildings, 17,000 were gone. Fifty-odd fire insurance companies over the world failed from the loss. Nobody knows how many people died. The flames worked too well and too swiftly to permit knowing.

Contrary to unfriendly predictions, the city withstood the blow. Department stores reopened, with what goods they had salvaged and what had been in transit, in the car barns just beyond the south limits of the fire. Banks did business in temporary homes beside smoking ruins. Real estate men sold lots still hot. Relief funds and food poured in even from such rivals as St.



An artist's conception of the rush for life in the great fire of 1871, an ill wind that forced on Chicago the chance to grow right. This and the other picture on this page are from contemporary views in Harper's Weekly

Louis and Milwaukee. Eastern capital saw its chance, incoming trains were loaded with would-be investors. Workmen arrived by thousands. Within a year or two the city had been rebuilt far better than before. There was no stopping it, for its inherent vitality was constantly renewed by the wealth of the trade that poured through it.

For fifteen years the city grew. Its prosperous industries drew untold thousands of immigrants. Labor struggles increased, with the natural result that Chicago employers became more and more conservative, Chicago workingmen more and more radical. The city was the center of anarchist activity in America. Then on the evening of May 4, 1886, at the Haymarket an outdoor meeting was held to protest the shooting of six rioters by police outside the reaper works.

The meeting went off smoothly enough, despite rumors it would be another riot. On the outskirts the mayor and the police chief listened almost until the end. Then, satisfied that all was well, they went home. What happened immediately after has two versions. An inflammatory speaker was doing his provocative best. Police, under a hot-headed inspector, marched up and demanded the meeting's dispersal. Then a dynamite bomb exploded in police ranks killing seven, wounding sixty. Police fired a volley. Anarchists carried away their own casualties and never revealed

the figures. A monument marks the spot a few blocks west of the theatrical district on Randolph Street.

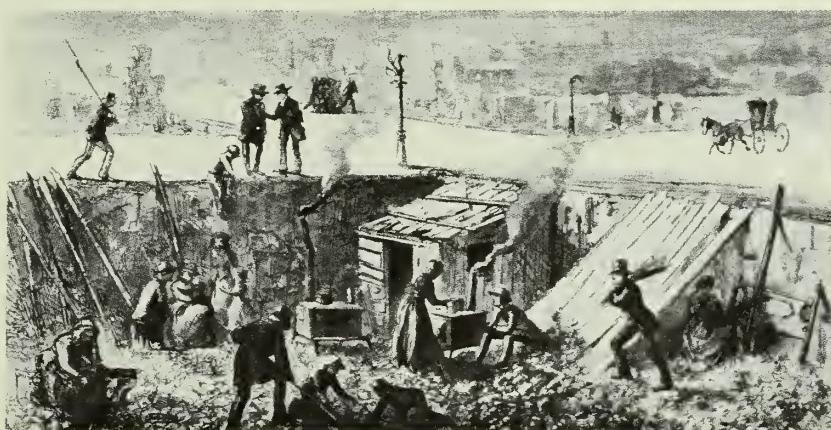
For what happened after the riot nobody can be proud. The city, terrified, arrested and indicted eight anarchist leaders, and tried them for murder. Nobody claimed that they threw the bomb, rather that they caused the crime by their speeches and printed appeals. Seven were sentenced to die, one to fifteen years' imprisonment. Two of the death sentences were commuted, one of the condemned killed himself by biting an explosive cap smuggled in by his sweetheart. The other four were hanged on November 11, 1887. And while the date was promptly forgotten

by everybody except the reds of the world, November 11th has in consequence of that hanging been an important anniversary to all radicals for thirty-one years longer than it has been to the nations which ended their war on the same day in 1918.

Next highlight in Chicago's history is the World's Columbian Exposition, which people shortened to the World's Fair. For some years there had been talk of a fair to commem-

orate the discovery of America. While other cities fumbled, Chicago's battle-scarred boosters swung into action and snatched the plum from the hands of Congress.

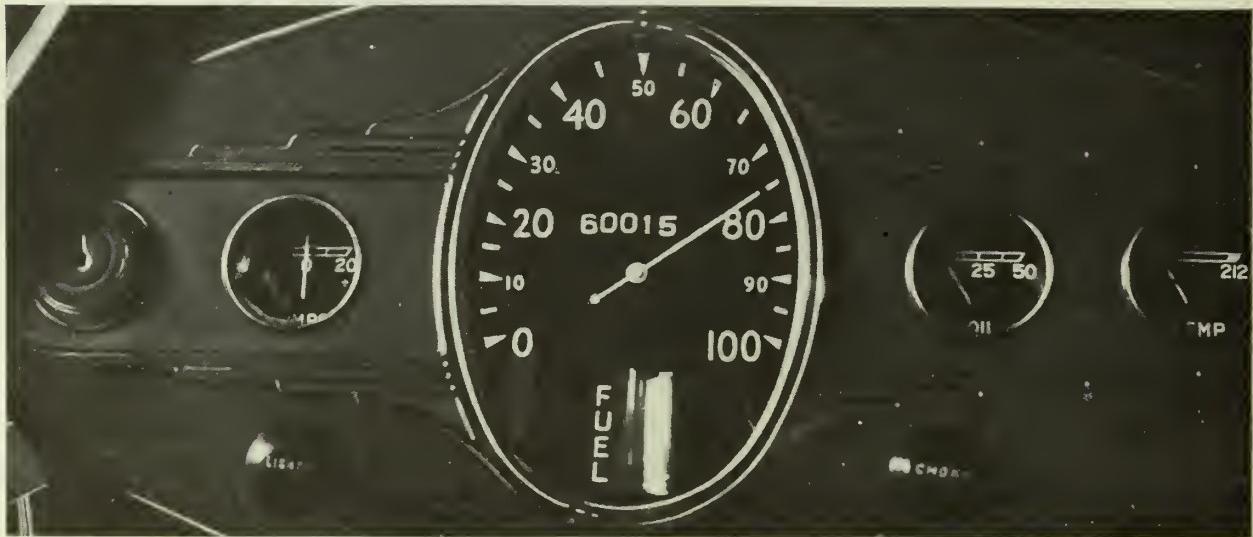
In two years Chicago created a fairyland of classical beauty on the lake sands at the city's south (Continued on page 38)



After the big fire—makeshift shanties, soldiers on guard, life outdoors amid the ruins of the city that was

# SEE 80 and DIE

*By John J. Hall*



**B**ACK in 1904 when the sidewalks were full of Gibson Girls and the streets were full of automobiles built like Spanish galleons, a prophet said confidently that the motor car would soon reduce the population to two classes—the quick and the dead.

The Gibson Girl with her royal manner vanished into time. The automobile with one lung and a back door also became a museum piece. Majesty and deliberation too were outmoded, and society found itself caught up in the mazes of machinery in perpetual motion. Humming dynamos everywhere, electric trains, elevators rising and falling like pistons, buzzing vacuum cleaners, oil-burning heating plants, purring electric refrigerators, the raucous loud speaker.

In this age, the automobile which had started out as a turtle was metamorphosed into a hare. Speed and still more speed became the aim of every automobile factory, and they succeeded surprisingly, until today when you drive home in your 1933 car, gleaming with chromium, gorgeous in a rainbow shade of duco, banded with windows of shatterproof glass, you are pleasantly warmed by the feeling that if you turn her loose she will do sixty—seventy—eighty or even ninety.

That new car of yours is just a stock car, but it is better than anything John D. Rockefeller could have had specially built for himself back in 1904. Better in every way. A marvelous piece of mechanism. Every part on it the result of thirty years of engineering evolution—brakes, carburetor, wheels, generator, cylinder block and pistons. And all yours, to do with it what you will, with nobody to challenge your right, unless you happen to live in one of the small group of States which require you to pass a driver's examination.

And now, what do we find? The words of the prophet of 1904 have the ring of sinister truth, as we study the statistics of motor car casualties for the last year, for the last fifteen years. This is what we find: Whereas, during all the wars in which this country has engaged, from the Revolutionary War down to and through the World War, the total number of American soldiers who were killed on the battlefield or died of wounds numbered under 300,000, the toll of Americans killed in automobile accidents in the last fifteen years exceeds that number. Since 1917, some 325,000 Americans have died as the result of motor car accidents.

Nor is this all. The annual economic loss is estimated at \$2,000,000,000, or four times our annual fire loss and almost as much as the yearly educational bill for public schools.

It is not enough to say that this problem is due to the fact that the roads are crowded with witless drivers looking for opportunities to see their speedometers climb to eighty miles an hour. It is true, however, that excessive speed—driving too fast—caused thirty-five percent of the motor accidents in which 29,000 Americans were killed in 1932.

The most important lesson motoring America has still to learn—assuming that it has mastered by this time the elementary rules of driving—is that the pace of sixty, seventy and eighty miles an hour which modern motor cars will do with ease is not a safe speed. I know that all of us like to let the car out for an occasional burst of fast driving, but I am thinking of the chaps who habitually do it—under any and all conditions.

There is a slap-dash species of the fast-driving motorist who is as dangerous to himself and anybody who happens to be riding with him as a blind man would be trying to juggle balls loaded with nitroglycerin. He not only drives too fast, but he also zips past signal lights just flashing red, cuts in and out of traffic, ignores stop signs and passes other cars on curves and at the crests of hills. He is as popular as leprosy among the usual run of drivers. He is known variously as Mr. Rush A. Long or roadhog, for short.

**B**Y THE law of averages, you can drive for a long time at top speed before you are likely to get into a bad smash, but it is my observation that sooner or later the man who thinks that seventy or eighty miles an hour is the only way to go places has his day. A tire blows out, commonly. When a front or rear balloon tire lets go while your car is over sixty the chances are you are just fodder for the adding machine of the accident statistician. Try to stop your car quickly sometime when you are going your fastest. Then, think of what it would be like to stop it under the same conditions if a flopping balloon tire were wrapping itself about an axle. Pick up any newspaper and read of the persons killed as cars turned over in ditches or hit trees by roadsides. Blowouts! Drive fast now and then. You can't utterly get away from risk in this speedy age. But don't invite the undertaker. Don't get the speed habit. Speed is like liquor; it depends

on how you use it. You can take a lot of it some of the time or a little of it all the time, but if you take a lot of it all of the time it'll get you.

It is rather hard to be whimsical when you read the statistics of all auto accidents. Of the 29,000 killed last year, 1,750 were under the age of four; 3,400 were between the ages of five and fourteen; 19,890 between the ages of 15 and 64, and 3,960 were 65 or older. Of 904,800 persons hurt in non-fatal auto accidents last year 10,770 suffered fractures of the skull, 1,540 fractures of the spine and 67,680 fractures of other bones.

No more facts are needed to prove that the need of reducing automobile accidents is one of the nation's vital problems. It is a challenge which The American Legion is now meeting nationally and in posts and Departments, adding its own efforts to the work being done by other organizations. It is a problem which affects every city, town and hamlet in the United States, and every Legion post and Auxiliary unit is privileged to join the fight for motor safety. Hundreds of them have already done it and thousands of posts and units will come into line this year if they will ask for and use the safety campaign material which will be supplied to them without cost by the National Americanism Commission of The American Legion at National Headquarters in Indianapolis.

The Legion's growing interest in highway safety is attested by the increasing number of Legion-sponsored schoolboy traffic patrols, the safety signs which posts have erected along roads and the systematic courses of instruction for school children. The National Americanism Commission has booklets describing all these activities as worked out in the different Departments. Only recently it started distribution of a 58-page booklet, a collection of charts and tables and text under the title "They Call Us Civilized." Prepared by the Travelers Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut, and distributed with the imprint of the Legion's emblem, this book-

let is the most impressive contribution to the safety movement which has yet appeared.

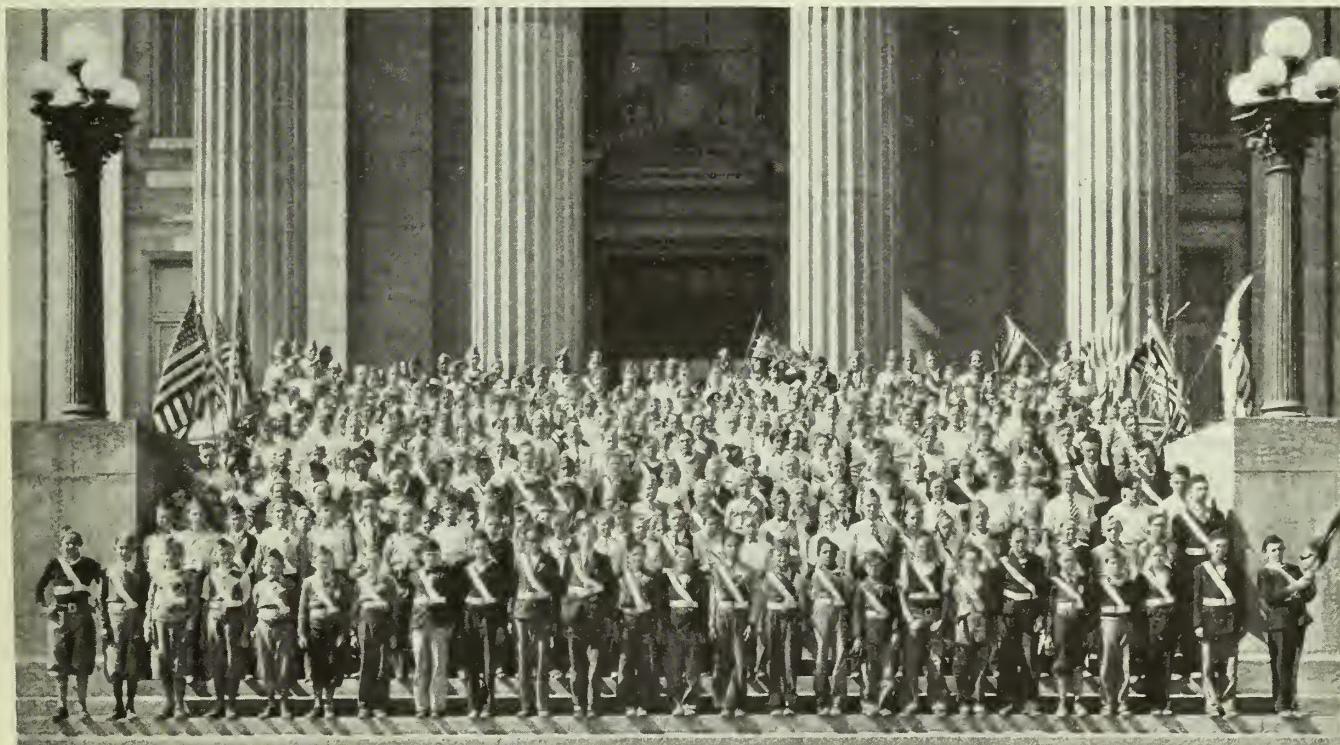
It may be granted that business interests which are now working earnestly to cut down the lists of dead and injured in auto accidents are actuated not wholly by altruism, but I believe they would be false to public trust if, knowing accident conditions as only they can know them, they were to conceal or minimize them. The average reader of newspapers learns of the accidents in his own locality; the true extent of the accident problem can only be brought home to him by the statistics for the whole nation. My own post of The American Legion in Iowa will join with other posts in guarding school children from traffic dangers when it considers the material which the Street and Highway Safety Division of the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters has prepared on the general subject of highway safety.

Accidents are affecting the sales of many of our large industries

such as insurance, the motor industry and the oil industry and thereby have a great bearing upon our present unemployment problem. As accidents increase, so do insurance rates on public liability and collision insurance. The insurance companies do not make the rates; the public makes the rates. The insurance companies collect and compile the statistics upon which the rates are based but it is the public which decides whether it is to have a good accident record or a bad accident record. In addition to affecting the insurance industry, high insurance rates are a cause of real sales resistance for the seller of motor cars. When a man buys a \$600 automobile, in one Eastern city, he is confronted with the necessity of purchasing a \$5,000-\$10,000 public liability insurance policy which will cost him \$102.50 per year. This condition is undoubtedly causing many people to forego the pleasure of owning automobiles, thus depriving the motor industry of the sale of many automobiles, and doing this affects labor, for every automobile manufacturer (Continued on page 62)



Above, an American Legion safety marker in Virginia, Minnesota, one of many thousands erected in all parts of the country. Below, a typical Legion-sponsored schoolboy traffic patrol at Pueblo, Colorado





# Preserve, Protect,

ANYONE who has fears that the entire military structure of the United States is on the verge of being scrapped—and the much-publicized economy program of Congress that strikes with particular force at appropriations for the Army, Navy and Marine Corps justifies grave concern—would have been greatly heartened had he attended the Eighth Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense at Washington, D. C., last month.

There he would have found assembled six hundred and fifty women, representing more than a million members of thirty-eight women's patriotic organizations, again pledging their loyalty to their country and demanding in no mistakable terms that that country be amply provided with necessary protection. When Mrs. S. Alford Blackburn, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, as chairman of the conference, called the first general session to order, every seat in the large auditorium in the Mayflower Hotel was occupied, many were standing, and additional persons had been turned away. In addition to the delegates, each of the four sessions found present prominent representatives of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, members of both houses of Congress and others who were intent in their purpose that the present program of weakening our military forces to a point where they would be impotent in case of emergency must be curbed.

It is a sad commentary on the alertness of our solons to read in the public press that many of them had been "shocked" to learn from a recent report of the Secretary of the Navy that if the present trend toward paring our Navy continues, we shall soon rate as a second-class power, with a Navy second to Japan's. The women who comprised the conference have been aware of that condition since shortly after the end of the World War, when the United States was repeating the tragic tendency toward unpreparedness which has followed our other wars. It was because of that tendency that the first conference on national defense had been called in 1925 by Mrs. O. D. Oliphant, then National President of The American Legion Auxiliary. From the small group of women of the fifteen women's patriotic organizations who then accepted the Auxiliary's invitation, the conference has grown in numbers and in power to the body which met on January 30th and 31st and February 1st.

It is fitting also that the conference should have followed within a fortnight another meeting of women held for the purpose of discussing the cause and cure of war. The altruism of those emotionally misguided women is built upon the sands. Very evidently they take no stock in the oft-quoted statement of George Washington, voiced in his message to Congress in 1790, that "to be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace." Their creed that our nation should disarm as a noble example which will be followed by the other great nations of the earth takes no account of human nature—and it is human beings who make war.

The statement of Washington's was contained in the address of National Commander Louis Johnson of the Legion, an address on "Adequate National Defense—A National Necessity," which sounded the keynote of the conference at its first session. He spoke tellingly of the inroads which have already been made into the military establishment of the United States; he cited the paring of appropriations which have permitted our Navy to fall far below the ratio as established by the Naval Conferences in Washington and London; he explained the potential disaster which could result from proposed efforts to withhold support from the National Guard, the Organized Reserve and the Citizens' Military Training Camps; he detailed the Legion's program of questioning each candidate for Congress as to his stand on national defense; he commented on the fact that "America today is spending seven dollars (per capita) for police, eight dollars for fire protection, and only two dollars and a half for the Army;" he charged that the pacifists are using the economy program as a smoke screen and that "we of the Legion are suspicious of any movement now to disarm our country, and we are doubly suspicious of the motives behind any economic program which has as its objective taking away reasonable preparedness for America."

NATIONAL COMMANDER JOHNSON, roundly applauded and thanked for his straightforward message, was followed by Rear Admiral F. B. Upham, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, United States Navy; Major General Paul B. Malone, Commandant, Third Corps Area, United States Army, and Brigadier General George Richards of the United States Marine Corps, all of whom reported conditions in their respective branches of the



A group of the pages with the national flags and banners of some of the thirty-eight women's patriotic societies that participated in the defense conference

# DEFEND

*By John J. Noll*

service and expressed their hearty approval of the efforts being made by the women in attendance at the conference.

These patriot women have been referred to by certain groups as militarists. These women, all of whom have reason to know war in its direst sense, many of them mothers and widows and sisters and daughters of men who gave their lives during the World War, have little cause to condone militarism. Militant? Yes. Militant in their determination that the United States shall not again suffer the loss, not in money alone, but in the lives of its men through the unforgivable and inexcusable unpreparedness which has been only too evident at the beginning of every war in which our country has participated during the years.

At the opening of each day's sessions, presided over by Mrs. Blackburn, the national flags and standards of most of the participating societies were advanced to the platform in an impressive processional by white-garbed pages, members of their respective organizations. An invocation, the pledge to the flag, led by the "flag lady," Mrs. Reuben Ross Holloway of the National Society, Daughters of Founders and Patriots of America, and

the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" followed. During the morning session of the second day the conference heard stirring addresses by Mrs. O. D. Oliphant, Past National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, and Permanent Honorary Chairman of the conference by virtue of the fact that under her guidance the first conference was called, Major General George E. Leach, Chief of the Militia Bureau, Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts, and Representative Virgil Chapman of Kentucky. The report of the Rules Committee was read by Mrs. Doris B. Merryman, National President, Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War, 1861-1865.

The Air Service was represented on the program of the afternoon session by Brigadier General Oscar Westover, Assistant Commander of the Air Corps. The grand-daughter of President Ulysses S. Grant, Princess Cantacuzene Speransky, who has shown a continuing interest in the conferences, spoke on "Peace with Security." The Princess Cantacuzene later in the afternoon gave a tea in honor of Mrs. Lowell Fletcher Hobart and Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau, past Presidents General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, to which were invited all of the D. A. R. members who participated in the conference as delegates from other patriotic organizations to which they belong. One hundred and twenty-five D. A. R. women attended the tea.

At the conference dinner on the second evening, graciously presided over by Mrs. Blackburn, the delegates and guests were grouped at tables by States and at most of the tables were Senators and Congressmen representing the various States. Seated with Mrs. Blackburn at the (Continued on page 42)



**Mrs. S. Alford Blackburn, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, Chairman of the Conference, (center), with (left) Mrs. O. D. Oliphant, Permanent Honorary Chairman, and Mrs. Lowell Fletcher Hobart, Past Chairman**

THE SONG WRITER WROTE THERE ISN'T,  
BUT OKLAHOMA PROVED THERE IS

# A Place Like HOME



Eight years ago when the Oklahoma Department completed the raising of \$75,000 as its quota for The American Legion Endowment Fund—the national fund of \$5,000,000 designed to enable the Legion to carry on its work for disabled veterans and the orphans of service men—the Oklahoma Legionnaires raised the additional sum of \$78,000 which they designated as the State Child Welfare Fund. This was the beginning of an experiment out of which has grown The American Legion Home School at Ponca City, which shelters ninety children and provides for them everything they might expect to find in any American home except the hand and voice of father and mother.

High on a bluff overlooking the valley of the Arkansas River stands the cluster of a half dozen buildings of Spanish Mission architecture which make up The American Legion Home School of today. The first building was put up in 1928, and five times since then architects and carpenters and masons have been called upon to provide additional buildings.

The history of the Oklahoma Home School and the methods of its operation make it distinctive among the dozen or more state or joint state and Legion institutions which are now caring for orphans of service men. Older States, such as Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Maine and Pennsylvania, when the World War ended were maintaining state homes in which children of veterans of earlier wars were being reared and educated. These were opened to children of World War service men.

Oklahoma is one of three States in which Legionnaires since the World War have taken the initiative in establishing homes for orphans of World War service men. The other States are Michigan and Kansas, in which billets for a time were

With the aid of state appropriations, the Oklahoma Department is caring for ninety children in The American Legion Home School at Ponca City

operated under the direction of The National Child Welfare Committee of The American Legion until the Legion's national policy was amended to eliminate national homes. The national committee now carries on a nationwide program which extends aid to thousands of children by obtaining adequate state laws and co-operating with other agencies, public and private. The national program includes maintenance of the integrity of the home by means of mothers' pension laws, the adoption of children in foster homes

where necessary and the extension of direct relief in emergency cases. A complete description of the national program, which has won a foremost place among all national activities for children, is found in the *Child Welfare Guide*, a 96-page booklet prepared by the National Child Welfare Committee.

E. W. Marland conceived the idea for a home school, according to R. G. Ross of Ponca City, who was for sev-



**Forty members of Glendale (California) Post caught 500 pounds of barracuda, bass, halibut and yellowtail on a one-day fishing boat trip. The fish were distributed among all the members of the post who wanted them**

eral years a member of the Home School committee. Mr. Marland, then president of the Marland Oil Company, was chairman of the endowment fund committee in Oklahoma in 1925 and proposed that the State raise twice as much as the amount set as Oklahoma's quota.

"The \$78,000 thus obtained for the Child Welfare Fund provided revenue used in helping orphans," writes Mr. Ross. "In 1928 Mr. Marland presented to the Legion 120 acres of land on which he erected the first billet of the Home School. William McFadden, friend and business associate of Mr. Marland, erected the second billet. Mr. Marland provided complete furnishings for both, each of which was designed to shelter twenty-five children. In 1930 the State Legislature provided a third billet, to be used as an administration building, with offices, assembly room, library, kindergarten and other facilities. Other additions were made in 1931 and 1932, the last being a nine-bed hospital ward.

"The Home School is maintained by a state legislative appropriation of \$35,000 annually. The money is made available through the Oklahoma Soldiers Relief Commission and provides the children with everything they need except clothing. The posts and Auxiliary units of the State supply clothing, and also see that the boys and girls get Christmas and birthday presents. The home now has a lengthy waiting list. Priority is given to children whose fathers gave their lives in the war.

"The Home School is administered by a committee of two Legionnaires appointed by the Department Commander. The present members are Clyde E. Muchmore and J. Allen White. Parents do not relinquish legal rights when children enter. The policy of the home is to return children to parents who are able to re-establish their own home. If both father and mother of a child have died, an effort is made to provide a suitable home through adoption. Those who cannot be placed in new homes are

*Say!! who called this special meeting tonite anyway !!?*



APRIL, 1933



maintained in the Home School until they have been given a secondary education and are self supporting.

"The billets are planned like real homes. They have individual parlors, kitchens and dining rooms with family-sized tables. Each billet has its own housemother and cook. There are no uniforms. Through the good work of the Auxiliary each child has his own wardrobe, supplied by a post or Auxiliary unit which has volunteered to do it. In summer each boy or girl is given a two-weeks' vacation in the homes of members of the post or unit which is his best friend.

"All children above kindergarten age attend the Ponca City public schools without tuition cost. They attend churches chosen by their nearest relatives or friends. Pupils talented in music, dancing or art are given special instruction by teachers of Ponca City. Doctors, dentists and lawyers and members of other professions in Ponca City also give their services gladly whenever needed. Theaters, swimming pools and other places of amusement admit the children of the Home School without charge."

### *Helping the Easter Rabbit*

THE annual Easter egg hunt of Marion County Post of Ocala, Florida, is now looked forward to by several thousand children with the same eagerness with which they wait for Christmas. Last year, reports Carl B. Taylor, five thousand eggs were colored and hidden, to be found by the children who lined up to wait for a starting signal. Post members circulated over the grassy field with extra eggs in their pockets so they could always assist disconsolate five- and six-year-old boys and girls find eggs after being unsuccessful in the first part of the hunt. Prizes of one dollar were offered to finders of two golden eggs, but only one was presented for the prize. The other, presumably, was too well hidden.

If any post has never held an easter egg hunt, it may accept the recommendation not only of the Ocala outfit but also of Dickey-Springer Post of Alamosa, Colorado, and Homewood (Illinois) Post, both of which held unusually good hunts last year and are planning to hold them again this year.

The post in Alamosa restricted its hunt to children up to six years old but issued colored eggs



"Mr. Fish!?" - say,  
Buddy - look at the  
calendar - this is  
the aquarium!!!



be made to the grave of James J. Barry, who was killed while serving with Company C, 109th Infantry, 28th Division. Dr. Perry may be addressed at 4600 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Barry Post's pilgrimage took on added importance when Department Commander Paul H. Griffith of Uniontown announced that he would join the party and expressed the hope that the trip would be made by other Legionnaires of the Department as a means of honoring the 2,000 men of the 28th Division who fell in the Marne Offensive. Tours of the battlefields and cemeteries will be made in motor coaches, and there will be sightseeing trips through Paris and ceremonies in Meaux, Rheims, Château-Thierry and elsewhere in the battle regions.

### School Shoes

ONE thousand children who had been staying home from school in Newark, New Jersey, because they did not have shoes found their way back to classrooms in the middle of February after an entertainment in the Central High School given by Newark Post of The American Legion. The price of admission to the entertainment was one pair of shoes, new or old. The old shoe entertainment was only one of many methods used by the post to provide wearing apparel to sufferers from the depression, reports Senior Vice Commander John H. Laux.

### Fire Before Christmas

IN THE third year of the depression the members of Oscar Falk Post in Menominee, Michigan, believed that they themselves had experienced almost every misfortune on the calendar of hard times. Out of work many of them, confronted with the dwindling of savings, threatened by foreclosures of mortgages on homes, it

in Q. M. C. fashion to older children, according to Ivan E. Smith. Homewood Legionnaires, writes Wilbert F. Neukirch, placed colored eggs in paper bags, some of which contained certificates entitling the finders to prizes.

### Pilgrimage to France

SPRING is definitely here. From Dr. William Perry, Vice Commander of James J. Barry Post in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, comes announcement that his post will conduct this summer an eighteen-day trip to France, and members of other posts are invited. The party will sail on the *Ile de France* on July 28th, and the all-inclusive cost will be \$190. A pilgrimage will

required more than bravery to be cheerful over the approach of Christmas. Then came a community tragedy which made every member of Oscar Falk Post feel that his own troubles were trivial and he himself was a favorite of fortune.

Mrs. Helen Engel had encountered real trouble. She was a widow, mother of ten children, the youngest of them three years old. The family had been kept together on its little farm after the death of Mr. Engel two years earlier only by dawn-to-dusk labor of Mrs. Engel and her oldest son, 17, and by financial aid from the county. Now, to crown all other misfortunes of the family, Mrs. Engel's home was destroyed by fire and two of her boys—nine and eleven—were burned to death. It looked as if the family, without a home, without resources, would be broken up at last, the children distributed among homes for orphans.

Thus things stood when Oscar Falk Post voted that a way must be found to keep the Engel family intact, and that if possible it should be in a new home by Christmas. Rudolph Cherney was put at the head of a committee to carry out this program. Three days later \$250 had been raised, dealers in building materials had made donations of lumber and other essentials and eleven jobless Legionnaires finished the foundation for the new house, working with the thermometer ten degrees below zero. The weather stayed cold, but the volunteer workers came back day after day until the roof had been put on and the doors and windows hung. On Christmas Eve lights shone in the windows, smoke came from the chimney and Santa Claus made one of his regulation visits to the Engel family.

"The post found all the reward it sought in the simple knowledge of its accomplished deed," comments Post Commander John L. Farley. "The father who died leaving this family to be buffeted by misfortune had not been a service man, and no member of our post even so much as knew the afflicted family before we learned of its tragic difficulties."

### Snowy Arkansas

WILD ducks grow fat in Arkansas even in depression years, and Daniel Harder Post of Stuttgart—the heart of the rice belt—sends word that the tenderest and fattest duck which post epicures could provide was carved on the table before National Commander Louis Johnson when he was guest of honor at the post's annual duck dinner in December. The post is famous for the annual duck dinner and the fact that it has increased its membership for fifteen successive years. Before National Commander Johnson arrived it had enrolled for the new year 293 members, one more than it had in 1932. It started in 1919 with 48 members.

Arkansas celebrated the arrival of National Commander

Johnson by staging a snowstorm which blocked railroads and highways. Mr. Johnson was only able to get to Stuttgart from Little Rock, a distance of sixty miles, when the Missouri Pacific Transportation Company gave him a special bus. The trip took three hours.

### Bible Class

JIM CALDWELL, Adjutant of the Department of North Carolina, rises to claim for Walter B. Ellis Post of Burlington, North Carolina, a new





**Faust Post Glee Club in Detroit, Michigan, claims two honors: the pioneer glee club of the Legion and the largest. It counts on going to the Chicago national convention with 100 voices**

distinction in The American Legion. Mr. Caldwell passes along word from Post Commander George C. Glaspy that the Burlington post now has its own Bible Class, whose meetings in the post's clubhouse every Sunday are conducted by Post Chaplain M. C. Stafford. Thirty-one members showed up at the first meeting in December and attendance has been steady since then. Now Commander Glaspy wants to know: has any other post conducted its own Bible Class, and if so, with what success?

#### *In the Chicago Sector*

**N**ORTH Clark Street in Chicago is a roaring thoroughfare. All the Wagnerian chords in the violent theme song of a metropolis are there. But step through a doorway at 1358 North Clark Street, stumble your way along, in the darkness, descend a flight of narrow steps and you find yourself back in the trenches of St. Mihiel. You are in the dugout of the new clubhouse of Taylor Post of The American Legion, and all about you are trenches, sandbags, old timbers, stacks of gas masks, and other things that look as if they had been dropped by an outfit just in from a raiding party. There is a canteen also.

The whole thing is marvelously done and gives the complete illusion of being back in the front lines, according to James R. Mangan, who adds that his outfit will be disappointed if every Legionnaire who attends the National Convention in Chicago next October doesn't drop in for at least one visit. Mr. Mangan says his outfit is building up a reception committee composed entirely of men who were awarded A. E. F. decorations. Twelve members were presented with the Order of the Purple Heart at a ceremony recently.

#### *To Hunt in Mexico*

**C**ONTRARY to an impression conveyed by the article, "The Road to Monterrey," in the October issue, Mexico has a set of game laws, and Legionnaire hunters before planning extensive

hunting trips south of the Border should learn what's what by writing to the Chamber of Commerce of any American city on the Border. This message comes from James C. Netts, Past Commander of Val Verde Post of Del Rio, Texas, a city which is one of the gateways to the rich hunting country in Mexico's interior.

"The Mexican hunting laws are similar to those in the United States," writes Mr. Netts. "American cities along the Border are trying to encourage tourist traffic into Mexico and particularly trips by hunters in the autumn. Hunting regulations change from time to time, and anybody intending to enter Mexico should make sure his information is current. License fees must be paid, varying with the length of period, the usual fee being \$16.50. Other credentials must be obtained but formalities are simple."

#### *Year After Year*

**W**HEN York (Pennsylvania) Post of The American Legion puts on its annual show, usually in February, it does it on a grand scale. No hunting around to find a production calling for a cast of six characters, with simple stage settings. York Post selects for its productions biggest successes of other years which have become American stage classics. It engages able directors and after countless rehearsals presents to the people of its city a show which has the flavor and finish of a Broadway sell-out.

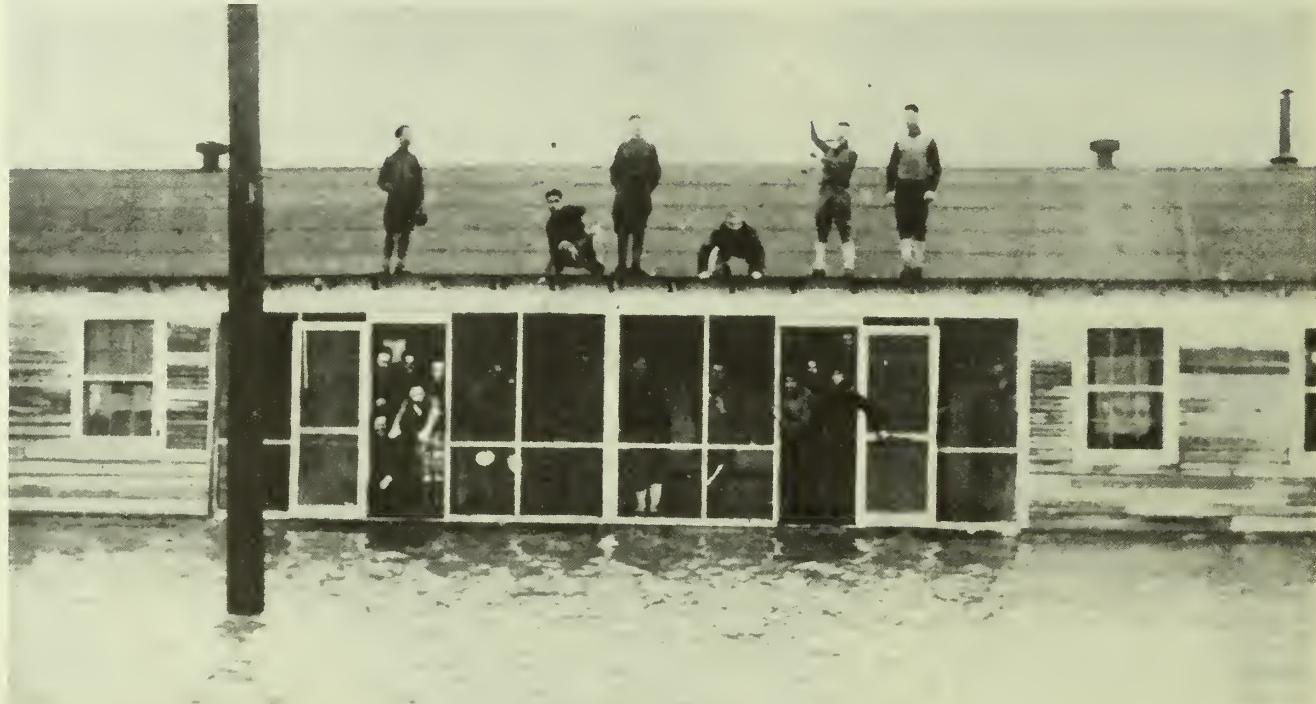
"'Naughty Marietta,' put on last year, was York Post's thirteenth annual show," writes Charles R. Lose. "Most of them have been musical comedies, among them 'Katinka,' 'The Prince of Pilsen,' 'The Firefly,' 'The Red Mill,' 'The Only Girl' and 'Sweethearts.' The men of the cast are Legionnaires, while the girls are local residents. Our cast last year numbered seventy-five."

"The shows are given for five nights and have an attendance of about 6,000. Receipts usually total around \$9,000, and the post clears from \$2,200 to \$3,600. The program for the shows usually contains forty pages and carries (Continued on page 64)



# WINGS over TEXAS

And Floods and Sand  
Storms on the Ground  
Made Training Life Inter-  
esting for the Ground  
Aviators During the War



FROM the many reports of and from American aviators who sprouted their wings on the flat plains and in the warm sunshine of Texas, an impression is gained that the American Air Service must have had its birth and development in the Lone Star State. There were plenty of flying fields—and still are—in Texas, but from "The American Air Service" by Arthur Sweetser, who served as a captain, Air Service, United States Army, we learn that "at the outbreak of war the United States had but two small flying fields, that at San Diego, operated in a modest way since 1912, and that at Mineola, Long Island, just recently opened. The grand total of students enrolled was 85, which certainly did not promise a great aerial army."

It develops that the new fields first established were those at Dayton, Ohio, (Wilbur Wright Field), Rantoul, Illinois, (Chanute Field), and Detroit, Michigan, (Selfridge Field). Texas failed to come into the picture until May 27, 1917, when the first detachment of 200 enlisted men for aviation service overseas was ordered formed at Fort Sam Houston. Famous Kelly Field, near San Antonio, came into being on August 11, 1917, Love Field, near Dallas, and the Taliaferro Camps, near Hicks, Texas, in November, and Call Field, Wichita Falls, Rich Field, Waco, and Ellington Field, Houston, during December. The picture we display was taken at the last named field, and Henry H. Parker, ex-sergeant, Air Service, of Oakland (California) Post of the Legion, whose address is Box 182, Route 1, Daves Avenue, Los Gatos, California, does this bit of reminiscing:

"Those ground aviators who fought the war as members of the

Would-be fliers at Ellington Field, Texas, are marooned in barracks during one of the spring floods of 1919

'Texas Expeditionary Forces' at Ellington Field, Olcott, Texas, seventeen miles from Houston, perhaps will have their memories jogged by the following reminiscences, especially if they were of the enlisted personnel of the 175th or the 'Dizzy' 69th Aero Squadrons, or of Squadron A:

"Remember when 1500 of us sat around on the prairie all one day back at Kelly Field, San Antone, in November, 1917, being finally divided up into ten more or less equal parts which were then designated 'squadrons'? Four of these squadrons being forwarded to Ellington by a long, roundabout route, arriving in pitch darkness at 2:30 A. M. on Decem-





ber 6th, and falling into ditches beside the track, invisible in the darkness. And the long nights on guard duty throughout the winter, in ice, snow and Texas Northerns.

"The occasion when 'Big Chief,' the footballer of the 175th, after consuming all the available stock of vanilla extract in the mess hall, pursued our sergeant major with the avowed intention of scalping him? Also the evening he appeared on the barracks veranda to blow Retreat, with the 175th at attention and valiantly striving to maintain the pose, while only grunts and wheezes emerged from his trumpet? 'Huh! Somebody put rag in him!'"

**W**HEN night bombing started," continues Parker's memory test, "almost blowing the barracks' windows in, and forcing a certain private of the 175th to take refuge under his canvas cot? The arrival of the first 'Hisso' engine and when the first DH-5 ran circles around the 'Jennies,' and after the Armistice the excitement caused by the arrival of the big Handley-Page and Caproni bombers?

"Especially the several floods during the spring of 1919 when the water came almost to the barrack floors (exhibit A enclosed), and the bare-footed soldiery were attacked by crawfish and other Texas monsters while wading on the front steps? And the cartoons which adorned the wall of the magneto overhaul shop, drawn on the backs of 4x6

**Cow - shoers!** There's a new one for the books, but they were common in Occupied Germany. This one was snapped in the village of Morbach

carburetor overhaul record cards?

"The eight long months after the Armistice, when 'discharge' and 'home' were the sole topics of conversation and the daily rumors 'direct from Headquarters' alternately confirmed and dashed our hopes and fears? How we threatened to go Bolsheviks and called out 'I want to be a Bevo!' whenever a flying cadet appeared?"

"The filming of the great melodrama, 'Pirates of the Air,' climaxed by the Battle of Goose Creek, fought amidst the muck of the oil fields with Very pistols and ancient Krags."

"The tragedy of July 12, 1919, when, having passed our medical exams and turned in half our clothes and equipment, five hundred of us expected to go home, but did not? And last but not least, the great day during the first week of July, when we waited all afternoon on the spur near the main gate for the train of dirty

old Pullmans which was to remove us forever from Ellington Field? I wonder where those old ground fliers are now?"

**H**OW many of the gang, particularly in certain sections of our country, have noticed the revival of horse-shoe pitching as a sport? It has gained even the prominence of a national tournament. But it's gone high-hat in a sense. In the good old days, we went to the neighborhood horse-shoer and begged old cast-off shoes. Now the shoes are obtainable in sporting-goods shops in various weights and sizes. Probably we'll have to blame the automobile for that condition.

We didn't see the sport indulged in while in the Occupied Area some fourteen years ago, but if we had we would have come to the conclusion that the shoes were obtained from the village cow-shoer. Don't correct us—we know whereof we're speaking, as witness the snapshot reproduced hereon. And we have this story from John T. Jolly, veteran of the Texas-Oklahoma 90th Division, and now at 502 East Grand Street, Bloomington, Illinois:

"I am enclosing a snapshot taken at Morbach, Germany, during the spring of 1919, while I was a member of Company F, 315th Ammunition Train, 90th Division. It might be of interest to veterans of the Third Army who helped keep the watch on the Rhine. Those men will probably recall the not-uncommon sight of the German village blacksmith shoeing a cow.

"After the Armistice, our outfit hiked with the division to the Occupied Area, first being stationed at Berncastle on the Moselle River and then moving to Morbach where we stayed until we started home. For a month we repaired roads that had been damaged by trucks and tractors. I remember that we put down a corduroy road over a stretch of about forty feet which was a new idea to the natives in that vicinity.

"I had charge of a stable of about twenty mules and as horses were scarce at that time in Germany, the peasants wanted the manure from my stable. They cleaned out the stable for us every morning and I had plenty of wine in return. The Germans used oxen and cows for their farm work and as they lived in the villages and their farms were out a ways, the cattle were shod like



horses to protect their hooves on the hard roads. It was while the village blacksmith was at work that I got the picture I'm sending."

**O**NE of the women of the Legion—no, not an Auxiliare, but a Legionnaire of Walter Haynes Post of Thermopolis, Wyoming—Mrs. Cecile Bolton Short, rates membership in the Then and Now Gang. We only wish more of the ex-nurses and yeomanettes (pardon us, yeomen, F!) and others of the women who are now active in the Legion would tell us of some of their experiences.

Attendance at the Portland National Convention proved a memory-arouser for Mrs. Short, as witness the picture on this page which she sent us and this letter from her:

"I just returned from the Portland National Convention. That to me was almost another celebration of the Armistice in the A. E. F., particularly at Base Hospital No. 202 at Orleans, France, with which I served during the war as an Army nurse. That convention experience caused me to look through my scrapbook and I am sending a snapshot showing one of the bands which used to come to our hospital to help cheer up our patients—and the nurses and staff, too. Those concerts certainly were a godsend.

"Our hospital was situated in an old library building in Orleans and I understand it was one of the few American hospitals that paid no rent to the French. A hundred thousand volumes had been removed from this municipal library by hospital corpsmen in order that beds might be set up for wounded and sick Americans. Many of these volumes were of parchment and inscribed in illuminated letters—some dating back as

far as the sixth century. Some of the books were invaluable.

"We had in all about twenty thousand patients in our hospital and I know they all appreciated the concerts which neighboring bands gave. I wonder how many of the soldiers who served in A. E. F. bands are still doing their bit by helping The American Legion celebrate on Armistice Day and at Department and National Conventions year after year.

"I well remember Armistice Day, when the bells in Orleans Cathedral and sirens announced that the war was over. Where are my patients who climbed the statue in the public square on Armistice night and removed the three flags which were then carefully hidden between the mattresses and springs of their beds so they could be taken home as souvenirs? What a celebration that was!"

**C**ONSIDERING the numerous pictures and stories patiently awaiting publication in this crowded bulletin board, we can't afford to let our reminiscent department be transformed into a department on "Household Hints." But here's a plea from one of our Auxiliary friends, Mrs. Ronald E. Hein of Blue Hill, Nebraska, which we feel warrants our broadcasting. It is called particularly to the attention of ex-mess sergeants, cooks and Legion post mess officers. Give ear:

"Since the Monthly is practically the only magazine on the market which does not contain a recipe page, I am addressing my bewildering inquiry to you.

"Unless fifty thousand Legionnaires are wrong, 'mulligan stew' was the epicurean marvel of 1917 and 1918, and again, unless the same men are wrong, it hasn't been cooked decently since.

"Isn't there an ex-Army chef somewhere within the radius of the Monthly's voice who could supply the recipe, condensed,

boiled down and renovated, to fit the needs of 1933 cooks, and make the old Yank—and his present cook—happy?

"If there is, and you'll publish the recipe, fifty thousand wives of Legionnaires will be eternally grateful."

Just to set the old gang at ease, if Mrs. Hein will permit us we want to suggest that the inquiring Auxiliare no doubt refers to that mess delight commonly known in the olden days as "slum."

**P**LENTY of complaints were voiced during the days of the war because of the failure of service records to keep up with the soldiers to whom they belonged. Those records were all

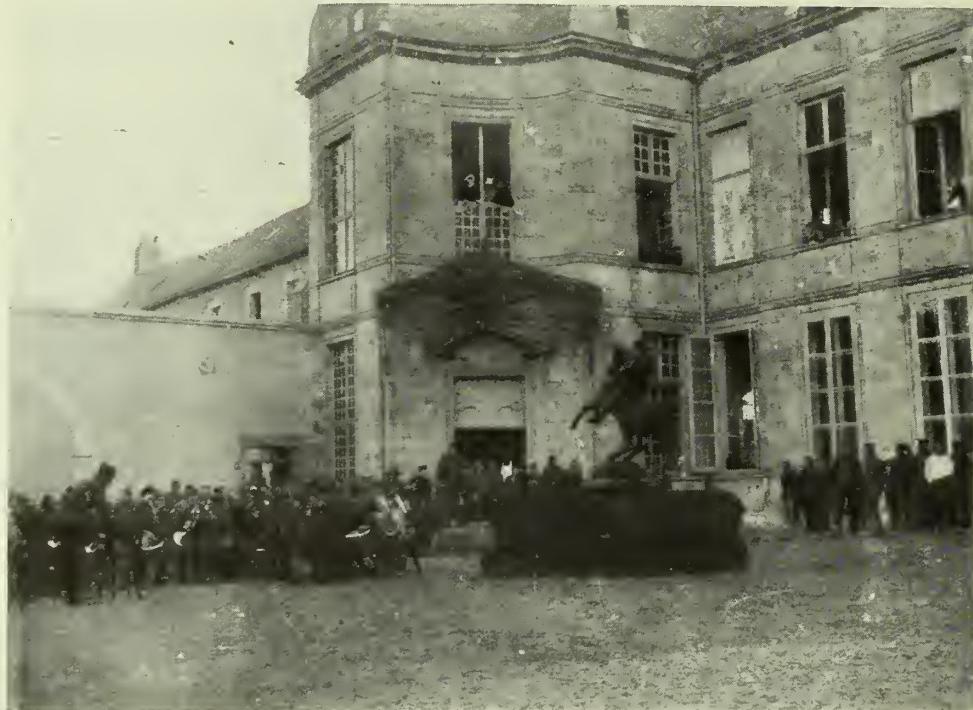
important—they meant identification, service pay, and even chow and a bunk many a time. A man without his service record was a man not without a country, but without an outfit. Consider the job a service record must have had to keep up with Legionnaire Albert L. Brady of Oran, Missouri, and consider the job Brady must now have when someone asks the old standard question, "What outfit, Buddy?" Suppose

we let Brady give his version of the answer to that question:

"My service began with Company K, 11th Infantry, on the Mexican border in 1916. While I served continuously during the period of the World War, it was not altogether with that outfit by a darn sight. During the war I took the rôle of a service tramp, went from outfit to outfit and believe I hold first place for transfers.

"When I was furloughed to the Reserve in 1919 I had thirteen indorsements on my service record, showing that I had been transferred to as many outfits. Following are the organizations with which I served:

"Recruit Barracks, Jefferson Barracks, Missouri; 18th Recruit Company, G. S. I., Jefferson Barracks, Missouri; Company K, 11th Infantry, Douglas, Arizona; Bakery Company No. 4, Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia; Bakery Company No. 20, Fort Oglethorpe,



Neighboring outfit bands used to entertain the patients and staff of Base Hospital No. 202 at Orleans, France. Wonder which band this one was?



Georgia; Bakery Company No. 308, N. A., Camp Sevier, South Carolina; Company F, 120th Infantry, Camp Sevier, South Carolina; Company C, 105th Ammunition Train, A. E. F.; Field Artillery Replacement Battalion, Camp Jackson, South Carolina; 1st Company and 2d Company, Depot Brigade, Camp Funston, Kansas; 1st Demobilization Group, Camp Funston, Kansas, and 18th Recruit Company, G. S. I., Jefferson Barracks, Missouri.

"Let's hear from any competitors for that honor—if that's what it was."

**T**HREE big attractions for the price of one: The National Convention of The American Legion; many reunions of outfits, perhaps yours included; A Century of Progress Exposition. All in action between October 2d and 5th, both inclusive, at Chicago, Illinois.

Proposed reunions should be reported to Sidney T. Holzman, 209 North La Salle Street, Room 202, Chicago, Chairman of Reunions for the convention, who will help in making plans, and to the Company Clerk of the Monthly for listing in these columns.

Detailed information regarding the following Chicago convention reunions may be obtained from the persons whose names and addresses appear:

**8TH DIV.**—Reunion and proposed organization of divisional association. Owen C. Trainor, ex-320th F. S. Bn., 1247 Daisy av., Long Beach, Calif.

**8TH INF., REG. U. S. ARMY**—Proposed organization and reunion meeting. Col. Morris M. Keck, U. S. Army, Federal bldg., Chicago, or Paul G. Armstrong, 209 N. La Salle st., Chicago.

**349TH INF., 88TH DIV.**—W. A. Sapp, 415 Broadway, Columbia, Mo.

**326TH M. G. BN., CO. D**—Annual reunion and dinner. Walter M. Wood, Box 1001, Portsmouth, Ohio.

**6TH F. S. BN.**—Walter A. Firestone, Larwill, Ind., or Clare L. Moon, Niles, Mich.

**21ST ENGRS. L. R. SOC.**—Organized Camp Grant, Ill., 1917. All out for Chicago, 1933. L. J. McClurg, secy.-treas., 8535 Oglesby av., Chicago.

**31ST RY. ENGRS., A. E. F.—F. E. Love, secy.-treas.**, 104½ First st., SW., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

**36TH ENGRS.**—Reunion. H. J. Arens, 3516 S. Halsted st., Chicago, Ill.

**60TH RY. ENGRS., A. E. F.—L. H. Foord, adjt.**, 3318 Flower st., Huntington Park, Calif.

**MOTOR TRUCK CO. NO. 411**—Reunion dinner. Leroy C. Hanby, Connerville, Ind.

**106TH SUP. TRN., CO. A—W. M. Applegate**, 6033 Champlain av., Chicago.

**323D SUP. CO., Q. M. C., AND HQ. CO., A. P. O. 910**—Proposed organization and reunion. J. J. Crean, Box 153, New Britain, Conn., or V. J. Bormann, Decatur, Ind.

**M. L. COS. 304-5-6-7-8, AND CAS. CO. NO. 5, Q. M. C.—Delbert V. Drake**, 38 Hobart sq., Whitman, Mass.

**4TH ANTI-AIRCRAFT BN., C. A. C.—George A. Carman**, Buffalo Center, Iowa.

**1ST SEPARATE BRIG., C. A. C., ASSOC.**—Banquet and reunion. Wm. G. Kuenzel, 24 Gilman st., Holyoke, Mass.

**NAT'L. ASSOC. AMERICAN BALLOON CORPS VETS**—Wilford L. Jessup, *Daily News Searchlight*, Bremer-ton, Wash., or Craig S. Herbert, 3333 N. 18th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

**17TH BALLOON CO.**—Proposed reunion. G. W. Palmer, 415 E. Main st., Logansport, Ind., or W. W. Laird, 3321 Virginia av., Sioux City, Iowa.

**AMERICAN R. R. TRANS. CORPS A. E. F. VETS.**—National meeting. Gerald J. Murray, nat'l. adjt., 520 Taylor av., Scranton, Pa.

**15TH U. S. CAV., TROOP I—Louis "Duke" Jannotto**, 10208 Yates av., Chicago.

**BATTLE SURVIVORS OF OLD BREWERY DETS. 2 AND 3, Q. M. C.**, Newport News—Reunion, Atlantic Hotel, Chicago. Walter McLain, Ottumwa, Iowa.

**POST Q. M. DET., GIEVRES, A. P. O. 713, ALSO 4TH CLERICAL CO.**, Camp Johnston, Fla.—Joseph C. Williamson, Route 1, Box 113, Argos, Ind.

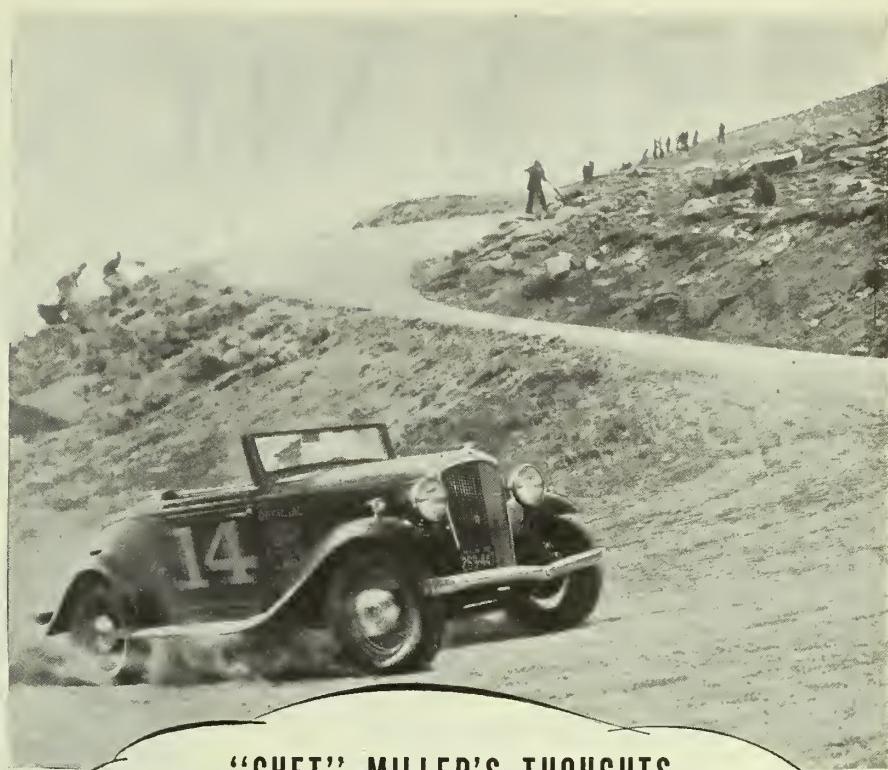
**M. T. C. VERNEUIL VETS.**—Hilmer Gellein, secy., P. O. Box 772, Detroit, Mich.

**U. S. S. GEORGE WASHINGTON**—Maurice G. Rosenwald, comdr., Navy Post, 93 Park av., New York City.

**U. S. S. RHODE ISLAND**—S. W. Leighton, 1118 S. Elmwood av., Oak Park, Ill.

**U. S. S. KANSAS BLACK GANG**—T. J. McCarthy, 711 Euclid av., Chicago, or R. T. Woodville, 2754 Osgood st., Chicago.

(Continued on page 60)



**"CHET" MILLER'S THOUGHTS  
WHILE SCALING PIKE'S PEAK IN RECORD TIME  
• • IN A TERRAPLANE SIX • •**

"They tell me Terraplaning's next to airplaning . . . all right, baby, you've got to live up to that name . . . the gun . . . boy . . . feel those Champion Spark Plugs bite into that mixture . . . no wonder all these hellbenders around here use 'em . . . up we go . . . there's more driving in this 9000 foot climb than in 100 miles at Indianapolis . . . Champions have all the records there, so we've got to break this one . . . I'll throw her into this curve hard . . . what a murderous test of a car this is . . . here's that wicked switchback . . . bend yourself around this one . . . air's a little thin . . . guess those Champions would fire any mixture, though . . . not a sputter or a split second miss . . . we're almost there Terraplane . . . the top's in sight . . . fire away Champions . . . another wicked turn . . . the flag . . . we're over the top . . . with Champion plugs this car climbs like a mountain goat . . . what's my time? . . . What? . . . 21 minutes, 20.9 seconds . . . whoopee, a new all time stock car record for Hudson. And another record for Champion . . . here boy, take a wire to the Champion Spark Plug Company."



Mr. S. G. Baits, Chief Engineer of the Hudson Motor Car Company, says of Champion Spark Plugs: "We have selected Champion Spark Plugs for Hudson-Essex cars because of their outstanding record for better performance and dependability."

**CHAMPION**  
**EXTRA-RANGE**  
**SPARK PLUGS**

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO

# "SO MUCH *is* HISTORY"

A collection of sentiments on the Legion's origin, growth and activities by the late Eben Putnam, National Historian, who chronicled the first twelve years of its life.

"**S**O MUCH is history, and as the historian of the Legion I so record it. What may be the fate of the Legion rests in the hands of the coming and future conventions, and it will fall to some future historian to record the outcome of any change in policy of our great patriotic organization."

*From the last annual report of Eben Putnam, rendered to the Fourteenth National Convention at Portland, Oregon, September, 1932.*

**T**HE formation of societies of veterans of the World War was a foregone conclusion. The problem which presented itself to men who had time to give any thought to that question was the manner in which these societies might be formed, and the objectives sought. It was hoped that out of the common interests and aims of those who had served would emerge a great patriotic society and it was believed that by joining all veterans in such an organization not only would the friendships formed during the war be perpetuated, but that united effort would enable the disabled to receive proper care and consideration. They believed also that such a society would serve to keep alive the willingness to subordinate personal interest to that of the country as a whole; in fact to carry on in civil life as all had learned to do while in service. They believed also that by forming one great, all-inclusive organization dangers of political action by veterans organizations would be minimized.

\* \* \*

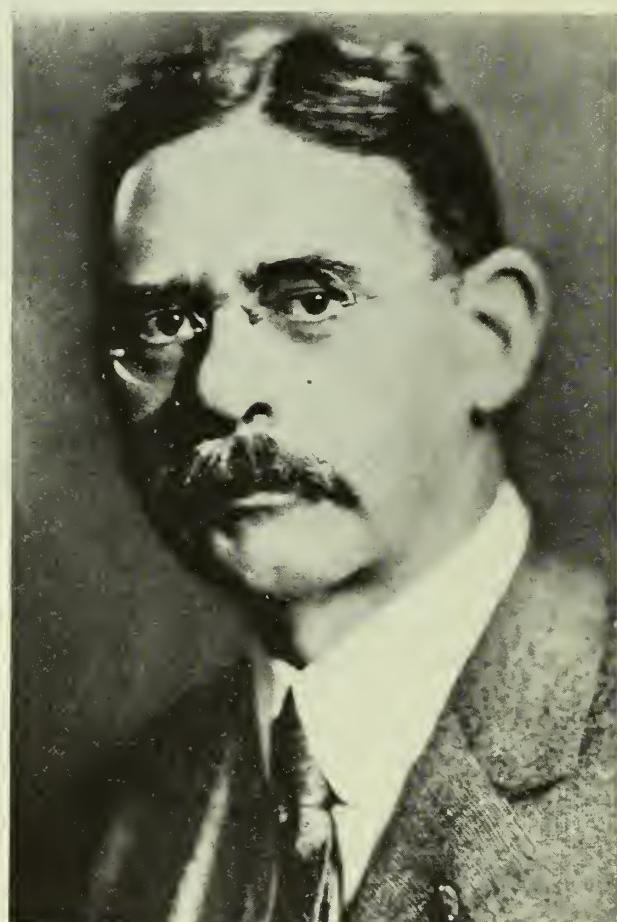
The Paris Caucus was called to order by Eric Fisher Wood, in the absence of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who had returned to the United States on a mission to promote interest in the new organization among the troops at home. Nearly one thousand delegates, ranging in rank from private to brigadier general, were present; and the spirit of democracy that has since become characteristic of Legion meetings was established by a resolution, offered by Lemuel Bolles, eliminating all consideration of rank or precedence in the deliberations of the caucus.

\* \* \*

The St. Louis Caucus was held May 8, 9 and 10, 1919 . . . The expected period of economic and industrial unrest was at hand, and radical agitation had reached proportions unprecedented in America. The eyes of the whole country were upon the caucus of the infant American Legion, and relief was evident when the caucus placed the Legion unmistakably on record as a great patriotic organization opposed to radicalism in any form.

\* \* \*

The Franklin D'Olier administration marked a period of intense development of the Legion's administrative machinery. An organization of service workers, extending from the National Service Bureau and State Service Bureaus down to the workers in the individual posts, was perfected to assist the demobilized veterans with their problems of war risk insurance, re-employment, compensation for disabilities, hospital treatment, vocational training and so on. A legislative bureau was established at



LONGEST IN LEGION SERVICE

Eben Putnam of Wellesley Farms, Massachusetts, died in January in the thirteenth year of his service as the Legion's National Historian. He was notable as a genealogist and authority on the early history of New England

Washington and various committees and commissions created to study specific problems. In the various States similar committees and commissions were formed . . .

The Second National Convention, held in Cleveland, September 27-29, 1920, is remembered as the occasion of a fight over the clause in the Legion's constitution restricting political activities by the organization. In the end the restriction was maintained and a crisis safely passed.

\* \* \*

The constant pressure exerted by the Legion (1922) has immensely stimulated the Government's attempt to obtain

restitution of illegal gains of war grafters and profiteers . . .

Posts of the Legion have become important factors for civic development and good citizenship in nearly every city and town and have in many places proved their value in substantial ways covering a wide range of activities, including the gift of fire apparatus, the establishment of libraries, the erection or furnishing of public buildings. During the period of unemployment incident to post-war economic readjustment the relief work carried on by Legion posts stands as an unparalleled example of unselfish devotion.

\* \* \*

From the inception of the Legion there has been a persistent effort to live up to the Preamble of our Constitution; to maintain the fight for the welfare of our disabled comrades and the dependents of those who died in the service or from disabilities incurred therein; and to see that the man who was called to the colors received the consideration due him so far as possible, without encroaching upon the rights of his fellow citizens.

\* \* \*

So much is history, and as the historian of the Legion I do so record it.

What may be the fate of the Legion rests in the hands of the coming and future conventions, and it will fall to some future historian to record the outcome of any change in the policy of our great patriotic organization.

## To Post Historians

BEFORE Eben Putnam died in January he had completed arrangements for making the second award for the best American Legion post history, which will be announced at the National Convention in Chicago next October. May 1, 1933, is the date by which printed or manuscript histories must be received in the office of the National Adjutant at Indianapolis in order to be considered in the competition. Frank E. Samuel, National Adjutant, believes that the number of entries will greatly exceed those submitted in 1930 when the first award for the best history was made under Mr. Putnam's direction. The excellent histories presented in that year have inspired post historians throughout the country to undertake notable works recording day-to-day progress in community service.

Histories will be judged on comprehensiveness, arrangement, accuracy and readability. Mere size will not be considered and the historian of a small post may in a few pages produce a history which will meet the requirements of the judges as fully as a 500-page book. Histories may be either published or unpublished, but all manuscripts must be typewritten.

National Headquarters will send to any post historian on request bulletins giving the rules of the contest and suggestions on procedure in preparing post histories.

# This new treatment STOPS DANDRUFF It's quick. It's pleasant



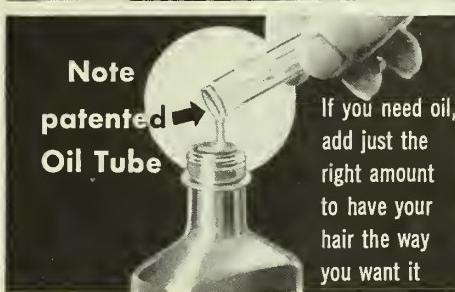
### 1 A FEW MINUTES EACH WEEK with Packer's Tar Soap

Give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich, piney lather. There's the "health of the pines" in Packer's Tar Soap. It contains genuine pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine—and for 64 years, ever since Daniel Packer made the first cake, doctors have been recommending it.



### 2 50 SECONDS EVERY DAY with Packer's Scalptone

Massage the tingling goodness of Packer's Scalptone into the pores of your scalp. Rub your Scalptone mixture in deep—give dandruff the works! Feel it tone up your scalp—tone up the nerves—make your head healthy—and happy, too! Do this for only 50 seconds just once a day.



### AFTER 21 DAYS

—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy, or plastered down. And as for dandruff—well, we'll make you a bargain! If you are not satisfied with the results—write us. Tell us. We'll cheerfully return your money. Start your Packer Treatment today—you'll see why we aren't going to lose!



## PACKER'S DANDRUFF TREATMENT

### 1 Shampoo with Packer's TAR SOAP *once a week*

### 2 Massage with Packer's SCALPTONE *every day*



## What Sort of Folks Are We?

(Continued from page 19)

local one; the job in its completion is both local and nation-wide in its scope, its potentialities, its worth-whileness for the Legion and for America.

We need numbers. The more members we have, the more we can accomplish. But mere numbers without a cause behind them—a cause worth fighting for—are nothing. The Legion has the cause to fight for. It needs the numbers with which to fight for that cause and carry it to victory. That is the whole membership situation in a nutshell.

And the cause itself can be stated in another nutshell. It is defined clearly, understandably, unequivocally, in the Preamble to the Constitution of The American

Legion. That Preamble appears in every issue of The American Legion Monthly at the head of the contents page. Turn to it and read it now. Read it every month; read it twice every month and you'll soon have it by heart.

It is a creed to which every American should be proud to subscribe.

But it is a creed to which only one American in thirty—only four and a half million Americans altogether—can ever have the privilege of subscribing. It is a privilege of which those who have already subscribed to it are proud.

The Battle Orders, my comrades, are: "Keep on Carrying On For God and Country—Carry On."

## Straight Shooting

Herbert C. Nielsen of Neenah, Wisconsin, did some "straight shooting" when he made 50 consecutive bull's-eyes at 50 yards—all on one target, without stopping or changing his position.

In sponsoring "straight shooting" among American youth, The American Legion is doing a valuable public service. Under proper supervision, shooting develops manliness and coordination of mind, eye and muscle. And from the Minute Men of Lexington down through the years, young men trained to the rifle have been a mainstay of the country.



For accuracy in rifle shooting, Mr. Nielsen, like other experts, recommends Peters Tackhole. He used it in making the remarkable run mentioned above. In target shooting it is the choice of those who want to make records. All Peters Ammunition is tested by the exclusive, scientific process of "Sparkography," which verifies performance from trigger to target. Be sure to ask your dealer for Peters Tackhole.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE CO.

Dept. D-55, KING MILLS, OHIO

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San Francisco

**PETERS**  
AMMUNITION

## Chicago Calling

(Continued from page 23)

end. Exhibits of choicest art and products from every corner of the world came to the buildings of that White City. Millions of visitors from the Middle West, from the whole United States, from every nation, spent days and even weeks at the fair. They reveled in its loveliness, took home new ideals of what Grecian and Roman buildings could lend the American scene. Most important of the fair's results was the classical revival it brought to our architecture.

The Panic of 1893 struck the United States during the fair. It was hardly felt in Chicago, so great was the city's activity in that year. A few months later, though, with the White City empty and the houses empty also which had been rented to visitors, the city bowed to severe depression. Several years passed while it worked its way out. But before 1900 arrived Chicago was once more in its stride.

An event of 1900 that still has reverberations was the completion of the drainage canal. The city's sewage had previously gone into river and lake, and its drinking water was drawn from the lake at a frightful cost in typhoid. Now the Sanitary District had dug a canal which connected with the rivers on the other side of the low watershed. This canal brought millions of gallons of clear lake water per hour from the St. Lawrence system to the Mississippi system. The flow likewise caused the polluted Chicago River to run backward, out of the lake. The improvement practically wiped out typhoid, it changed the stinking Chicago River to a free-flowing stream of lake blue.

Also it brought lawsuits from St. Louis, which claimed that Chicago's sewage was being dumped on its doorstep. This charge was disproved. Years later the Great Lakes States east of Illinois joined in a suit claiming that this diversion of water had

lowered lake levels to endanger navigation. Undeniably the lakes were low. The suit went to the United States Supreme Court and finally brought unbelieving guffaws when the justices ruled against Chicago; for at that moment, since the years of the suit's filing, lake levels had risen to their highest in many years, so that piers built forty years before were now three feet under water.

But once more tragedy fell. In Christmas week of 1903 a new theater, the Iroquois, was playing a matinee with Eddie Foy in "Mr. Bluebeard." Suddenly the curtain flamed, scenery blazed, fire flared across the crowded house. Doors had been locked, lights went out, fire escapes dropped parts of their loads to death beneath. Out of that disaster came stringent laws as to asbestos curtains, fire escapes, unlocked doors, exit lights, all the precautions that theater-goers the world over now take for granted. But the lesson cost the lives of 506 human beings on that winter day, most of them children and women.

By now Chicago had reached adult stature. It was a great city beyond all dispute. Today it is the world's fourth city in population, exceeded only by London, New York, and Berlin. It is, be it remarked, notable among these for the fact that it has been growing according to a well thought out plan. The men who built the fair of '93 went on to develop what they called The Chicago Plan, and to found a commission charged with responsibility for carrying it out. By this plan the lake shore was downtown kept free of buildings, Michigan Boulevard was carried over the river on its double-decked bridge, the old unsightly wholesale produce district was replaced by double-decked Wacker Drive along the river bank. Hundreds of acres of land were created for parks and boulevards by the simple expedient of filling in

the lake shore with excavation soil and other dumpings. Where A Century of Progress Exposition, the 1933 World's Fair, stands is all made land. So is the lake shore outer drive system which makes possible faster automobile transportation north and south than is available for any such distance in any comparable metropolis.

All of this you will see when you come to the Legion convention next October. What else you will see depends upon your time and energy. You know about the fair, and to tell of it adequately would require far more space than is here available. Suffice that it will in every way excel any world's fair ever held, both in scope and in the gripping manner in which it will present the progress of civilization for the past one hundred years.

You will see the mighty buildings of the city, for they so fill the horizon that you cannot miss them. You will drive over a system of parks and boulevards unexcelled in the world. You can visit the stock yards or the foreign quarters where life goes on much as it does in Naples, in Canton, in Warsaw, or in the ghettos of the Old World.

Chicago's great department stores are famous the world over. If you are interested in manufacturing you will be shown through factories for everything from alphabet crackers to zithers. You may sail upon the lake, swim at beaches stretching most of the city's length, golf at your choice of scores of public and private courses.

YOU can, if your fancy turns that way, spend days revisiting the scenes of the gang warfare which made Chicago a worldwide scandal during prohibition's first ten years. You may hunt up the sites of old Fort Dearborn, of John Kinzie's spacious home where now stands a great office building, of the massacre of that little garrison, of the Haymarket Riot.

You might well devote a week to sightseeing in the Field Museum, the Art Institute, the Industrial Museum housed in the only building that remains of the world's fair of forty years ago. You will want to visit the Planetarium and the Aquarium. Or you might find all that you require in the events which will be staged in the public stadium of Soldier Field, in the waters of the lake, and in the scholarly halls of the great universities in and around the city.

But whatever else you do next autumn, don't fail to come to Chicago. The Legion convention will by itself be worth the cost and effort. The World's Fair by itself will repay in pleasure and knowledge any outlay. And so interesting, so educational is the great city that, even though there were no Legion convention and no fair, seeing Chicago would justify a long trip and a long stay.

And here you are, faced with a lifetime's chance to see them all on a single trip.

You're pretty lucky!

# You want a "GO" BATTERY NOT A "SHOW" BATTERY

ALL BATTERIES may look much alike on the shelf or in the window. Some may be dressed up to look fancy. But it's the tough daily grind in your car that soon shows up the weaklings, the so-called "bargains." Frequent recharging may keep them going, but that's expensive. Get your money's worth . . . get an Exide. You can count on an Exide for a long, active life and freedom from trouble, inconvenience and extra expense. Don't forget . . .

## WHEN IT'S AN



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### EXIDE PRICES LOWEST IN HISTORY

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, Philadelphia  
The World's Largest Manufacturers of Storage Batteries for Every Purpose

Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

# THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

Problems That Confront The American Legion As Viewed Principally by Department and Post Publications the Country Over

**A**S MOST of you county Legionnaires will remember, the editorial used on the front page of our last issue was written by R. C. Patterson, Managing Editor of the *Nebraska Legionnaire*. When our copy of that issue reached Comrade "Pat" way out in Nebraska he sat down and wrote me one of the nicest letters that I have ever received during my connection with the *Star Shell*.

A part of this letter will do a lot of our county Legionnaires a lot of good so I am passing it on to you for your digestion (not the stomach kind).

"I am especially pleased when an editor in another State gives the *Nebraska Legionnaire* any recognition, because out here we sort of feel that Nebraska is 'on the spot' in the Legion, due to the lonesome stand our delegation took at Portland on the bonus issue. We know that at the time a lot of other Departments thought we were all wet, although that feeling is passing now, so we are anxious to prove to the Legion at large that Nebraska knows how to take a licking and still carry on with the Legion program. In all of the resignations of folks who didn't approve of the Legion's stand on the bonus, you haven't seen anything about the Nebraska gang quitting, although they were the bunch who led the fight against payment just now. The leaders in the fight are all signed up for 1933, and at the recent district conventions we had, I heard them get up on their hind legs and say that the majority in the Legion had decided on this matter, and Nebraska was good sport enough to abide by the decision of the majority. It's the spirit I like to see in the Legion, and I was glad when the bunch here had guts enough to come out and say they were sticking."—*The Star Shell, Berkshire County District, Massachusetts*.

## THE MINNESOTA WAY

**O**RGANIZED for the purpose of better spreading the great program of the Legion; to better set out its many accomplishments of community service; to bring more closely home that vast amount of service work that has been and is being done in the posts; to show how the post actually works for the betterment of its respective community—these are some of the things that the newly appointed Public Relations Committee is going to do IF YOU WILL HELP. If everyone in Minnesota could know just what this Legion is doing, it would go a long way toward setting a lot of folks right concerning the Legion. Send in YOUR accomplishment—just what you have done. Let it be made public! Don't be modest!—*Minnesota Legionnaire*.

## REVERSING THINGS

**T**HES lives of many thousands of veterans have been saved by the provisions of the World War Veterans Act. The organized group of NEL now seek to overturn the basic theories of the veterans' relief and veterans' care. Summed up, they declare all previous Congresses back to the Revolutionary War have been wrong. They want to remove the veteran from the position of

honor he has held in American life and history since Colonial days and place him in exactly the same position before the national Government as the citizen who rendered no military assistance in time of greatest peril, but who stayed out of the hardships and dangers to take advantage of financial opportunities.—*Stockton (California) Legionnaire*.

## THE GREATEST MENACE

**T**HE AMERICAN LEGION believes that ignorance is the greatest menace to America and American institutions. Through the Americanism program, The American Legion is assisting mightily in fighting this menace. With 4.3 percent of our ninety million people, all citizens of the United States, still unable to read and write, we are faced with the challenge of illiteracy. We welcome this challenge and we intend to lend our every effort to see that these people are afforded the opportunity of receiving an education which will enable them to contribute to the welfare and growth of this nation.—*The Flare, Harold H. Bair Post, Hanover, Pennsylvania*.

## LAVENDER ALLIGATORS

**R**ADIO entertainers are crooning a popular little ditty these days about pink elephants and lavender alligators. Of course the description is incongruous, but no more so than some of the charges hurled against government appropriations for veterans.

Almost every day the veteran is roundly lambasted in one form or another. Figures have been colored, distorted and twisted in an organized campaign to create the public impression that veterans' expenditures constitute the bulk of our national tax burden, that taxes can be reduced only and when the people rise up and take a healthy swat at the ex-service man. This argument is just about as absurd as the idea an alligator may be of lavender hue or an elephant pink. . . .

If the National Economy League, or any other group, has a justifiable case against the veteran, let them eliminate the pink elephants and lavender alligators, and present facts. When it can be shown that the veteran is "goldbricking" or is being overpaid, let honest and sincere statements of truth be brought to light and The American Legion will be reasonable and will do its part to rectify injustice to either the taxpayer or the Government. Until then let us all be fair and forget about pink elephants and lavender alligators.—*Hoosier Legionnaire*.

## THE "PAUPER" CLAUSE

**T**HES following article, we believe, will bring home to every Legionnaire, the necessity of keeping our ranks filled—the need of asking every veteran to join and to sell the veteran the absolute duty he owes to himself and to his dependents to protect those rights which have been granted to our disabled comrades, their widows and orphans. Only organization will maintain our

claims. We are not charity patients, and demand only that which is right and just.

Show this quotation to your Buddies—we are sure that it will enable them to see the light and make the job of selling The American Legion to them easier, an organization based upon Service to Mankind. The quotation:

"General Hines stated to the Joint Congressional Committee that he is OPPOSED to a 'pauper' clause in veterans' legislation, which is in line with the Legion's opposition to any 'pauper' or 'needs' clause. Hines' attitude, however, is about as puzzling as the decision of a rating board to the average disabled veteran. In Louisville, Hines told the Legion he felt 'sure' that 'we must at some time take into consideration the question of needs,' then added, 'it seems to me that the problem would be approached in its details and in its total magnitude now, not later on.' Now, after asserting his opposition to a 'pauper' clause before the committee (December 15 and 16, just past) he went into hospitalization and the old 'needs' idea slipped in again, twice, when he recommended hospitalization for veterans 'FINANCIALLY UNABLE TO PAY FOR HOSPITALIZATION.' "—Quentin Roosevelt Post, St. Louis, Missouri.

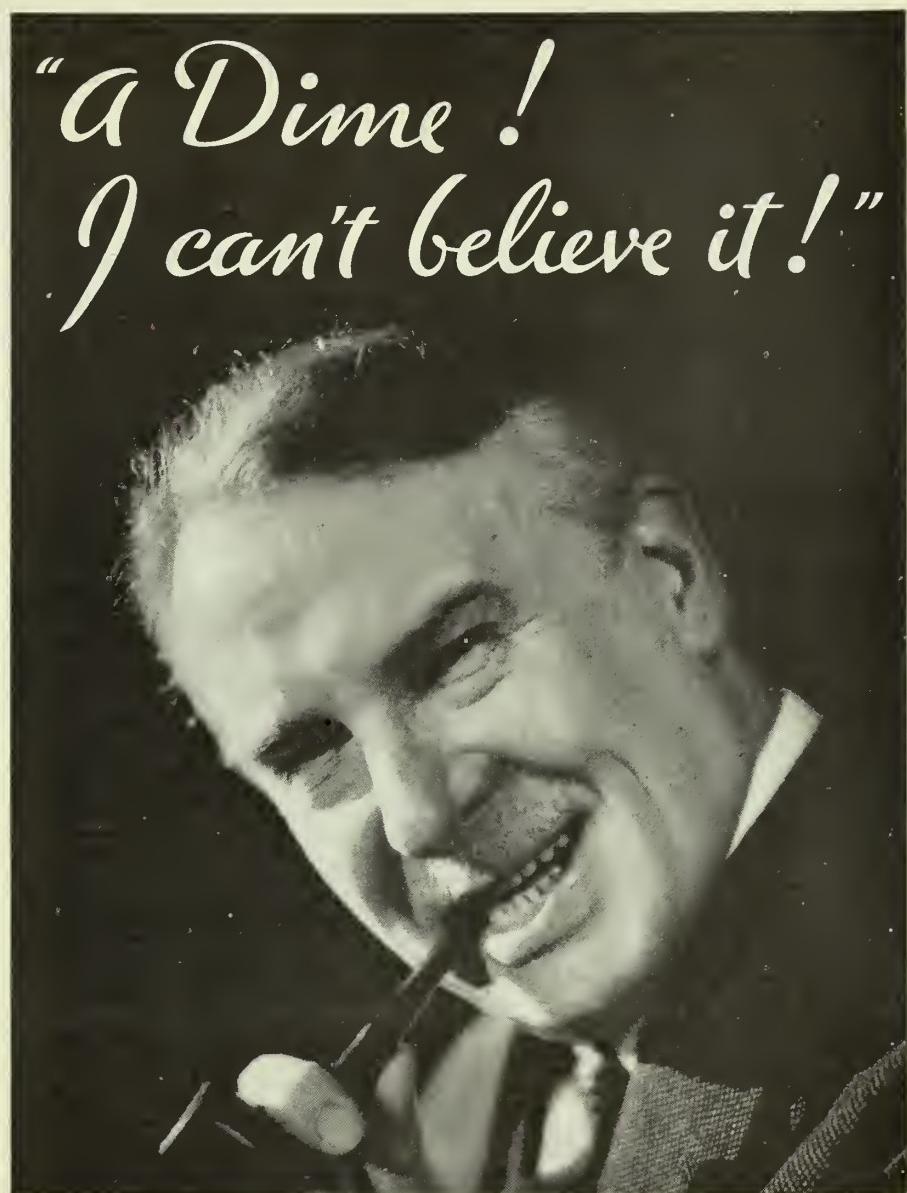
#### THE MEANEST MAN

THE man who takes all and gives nothing. The man who will accept benefits of hospitalization, of compensation, of disability allowance and still is too mean to join the one body of men who have made those benefits a possibility.

Back in '17 and '18 a name was coined for those who were willing to stand to one side and let their brothers and neighbors go out to fight for the country, men who were willing to let the other fellow take the risks, do the fighting, suffer the hardships while they stayed snugly at home and enjoyed the war time pay in shipyard and factory. Slackers, they were called. A term of scorn and opprobrium.

But there are slackers today even as there were in war time. The man who is willing to reap the reward of the persistent war the Legion has carried on for fourteen years for the aid of the service man and who will not join the Legion and give his weight to its battle while he enjoys the benefits it has won for him is a slacker as much as was the cringing coward of sixteen years ago.

To the man in the rural districts, membership is especially important. About the only practical farm relief that the country has known has been the twelve or eighteen dollars many a farmer service man receives by way of war compensation. Many a farm has been held together that would otherwise have been lost had it not been for the Legion's fight. Of all men the farmer who receives compensation or disability allowance should join the organization.—Albany (Georgia) Legionnaire.



EVEN the old-time pipe smoker will find he's neglected his education when he gets his first taste of UNION LEADER . . . and tries to guess its price! "Man! That's classy smokin'. Expensive, I'll bet!"

He'll be right about the quality . . . but a mile off on the price. UNION LEADER costs but a dime for a big tin of the sweetest tobacco that ever glorified a pipe. The pick of old Kentucky Burley. (Equally fine for cigarettes.)

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# UNION LEADER

SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE



# Preserve, Protect, Defend

(Continued from page 27)

distinguished guests' table were the national officers of the thirty-eight participating organizations, and the one speaker of the evening, Past National Commander Alvin M. Owsley of Texas. In his moving address Commander Owsley paid tribute to the increasing influence which the women of America and particularly the patriot women of the conference were gaining. He told them that "the future security of the republic may rest in your hands and upon your decisions" with reference to maintaining a proper national defense. He cited instances of unpreparedness during early wars, during the World War, and the present situation in China, where soldiers were formerly scorned and scholars and students immortalized and added:

"We shall announce to the nations of the earth that we love peace, world peace; universal peace is our ruling passion. . . . We are a people of martial spirit. Let us see that our patriotic spirit, our love of country, our desire to preserve and to save that which is ours, shall never die. . . . We are following the supreme law of the land. We shall provide for the common defence, and hand down and safeguard to ourselves and to our posterity the blessings of liberty."

Mrs. Blackburn presented to the guests the national officers of the thirty-eight patriotic societies who represented their organizations in the conference. These women included Mrs. Virgil Stone of the American War Mothers; Mrs. Needham C. Turnage of the American Women's Legion; Mrs. Jean B. Thompson, Auxiliary to Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War; Mrs. Percy Young Schelly, Dames of the Loyal Legion of the United States of America; Mrs. Amanda Shaw Hirsch, Daughters of the Defenders of the Republic, U. S. A.; Mrs. Doris B. Merryman, Daughters of the Union Veterans of the Civil War; Mrs. Josephine Mahar, Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic; Mrs. Isabel Adams, Gold Star Mothers of the World War; Mrs. Anna C. Jesmier, National Auxiliary, United Spanish War Veterans; Mrs. Charles Henri Fisher, Colonial Descendants of America; Mrs. Henry Bourne Joy, Daughters of Founders and Patriots of America; Miss Charlotte Aycrigg, Daughters of the Revolution; Mrs. Daniel Felton Duffie, Daughters of the Union 1861-1865, Inc.; Mrs. Gilbert Leslie Lewis, National Society of New England Women; Mrs. Fred G. Suits, Service Star Legion, Inc.; Mrs. Noble Newport Potts, National Patriotic Council; Miss Beatrice G. Tyson, National Women's Relief Corps; Mrs. Edward S. Moulton, Rhode Island Association of Patriots; Mrs. Alfred Suter, Westchester Security League; Mrs. Margaret Hopkins Worrell, Wheel of Progress; Mrs. George E. Parker, Jr., Women of the Army and Navy Legion of Valor; Mrs. William B. S. Shelton, Society for Constitutional Se-

curity; Miss Faustine Dennis, Women's Overseas Service League; Mrs. Harriet Rigdon, Women Descendants of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

The final session of the conference was held on Wednesday morning, February 1st. After the call to order by Mrs. Blackburn, an invocation by Captain Sidney K. Evans of the Chaplains' Corps of the Navy, and the salute to the Flag, Commander John F. Shafrroth of the Navy made a powerful appeal for the support of our country's sea warriors, assuring the conference that the aid of the women was indispensable. He was followed by Brigadier General Milton A. Reckord, Adjutant General of the State of Maryland and chairman of the National Defense Committee of The American Legion, who stressed the importance of the citizen soldier, particularly as represented in the National Guard organizations in each State.

The last order of business was the additional report of the Resolutions Committee, presented by Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau, its chairman, six resolutions having been adopted at the sessions on the previous day. In all, nineteen resolutions were considered in committee, presented and approved by the conference, including a demand upon Congress that the defensive forces of the nation on sea and land and in the air be maintained at all times in sufficient strength to protect the people of the United States against foes from without and within; that the provisions of the naval treaty of London be fulfilled at the earliest possible moment; expressing opposition to the proposed cut in the enlisted strength of the Marine Corps; declaring that the provisions of the National Defense Act should be fully carried out with the full complement of the Regular Army, the National Guard, Organized Reserve, and C. M. T. C.; objection to the proposed restriction and reductions in pay and allowances of active and retired officers of the Regular Army. The foregoing resolutions were acted upon during the second day in order that the delegates might call upon their Senators and Representatives in the capitol and call the action of the conference to their attention. Names of the members of the Congressional committees having jurisdiction over these matters were supplied to the delegates.

Additional resolutions adopted included the following: Reaffirmation of the stand of previous conferences for the retention and strengthening of the Chemical Warfare Service of the United States Army; request for a continuation of Federal aid to the Merchant Marine; support of the Buy-American movement; opposition to the cancellation of foreign debts due the United States; endorsement of the position of officials of publicly-supported educational institutions in requiring students to take military training; urging enactment

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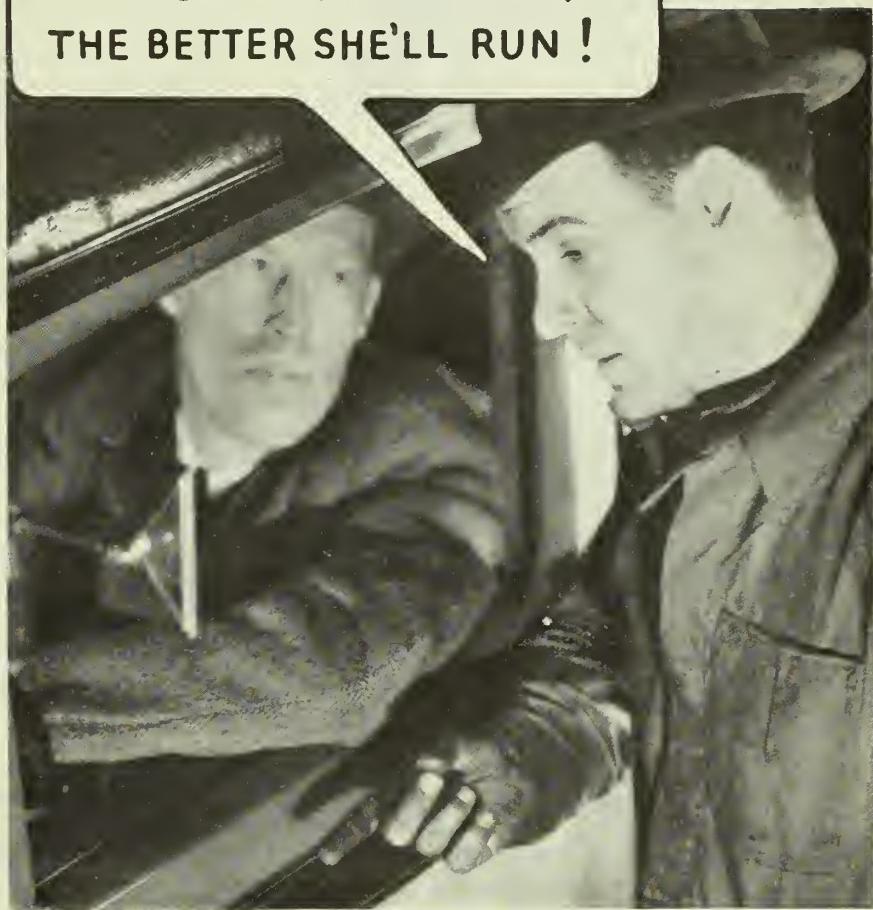
of a law making it a crime for individuals or associations to advocate or promote the overthrow of our Government by force and violence; opposition to the dumping of Russian products as an economic menace to American labor, industry and capital; petitioning Congress to enact legislation for the better protection of the flag; enforcement and strengthening of immigration laws and provision for the registration of all aliens; recommendation that States not having a teachers' oath law enact necessary legislation to protect the ideals of Americanism in schools, colleges and universities; reaffirmation of opposition to the recognition of the Soviet Republic.

The conference is not a mere yearly meeting for the purpose of waving flags and adopting resolutions. This year, in particular, the women took a forward step to see that the views and aims of the patriotic women of America would not be lost sight of between conferences. Thoroughly imbued with the purposes of their assemblies, the delegates return to their homes to spread their program of sane preparedness among the thinking women of their communities. The important action taken, one that will increase their effectiveness, was this: The chairman of the conference was authorized to appoint a committee of three women, residents of Washington, who will keep in touch with Congressional activities and will communicate with each of the thirty-eight organizations of the conference whenever any legislation bearing upon national defense is under consideration by Congress. In that manner, the women through their organizations will be advised promptly of such actions in Washington and will be prepared to express their will, through letters and telegrams, to their representatives in the Congress. And the will of the women of America will bear full weight.

After adjournment of the conference by Mrs. Blackburn, the Extension Committee, under authority granted to it during the final session, met to elect the chairman and five vice-chairmen for the 1934 meeting. The National President of The American Legion Auxiliary was selected as chairman for 1934, and the national presidents of the following organizations as first to fifth vice-chairmen, respectively: American War Mothers, Auxiliary to Sons of Union Veterans of Civil War, U. S. A., The National Women's Relief Corps, Daughters of the Revolution, and Daughters of Founders and Patriots of America. Mrs. Percy Young Schelly, and Miss Faustine Dennis were re-elected secretary and treasurer, respectively.

Following the close of the 1933 meeting, the Chairman, Mrs. S. Alford Blackburn, accompanied by other officers and the majority of the delegates made a pilgrimage to Arlington National Cemetery where a wreath was placed on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier with appropriate ceremonies and with the renewed pledge of the patriotic women of America to continue their support of national preparedness.

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NEXT TIME STOP  
AT THE **ETHYL** PUMP

# *Yesterday's Stunt is Today's Routine*

(Continued from page 9)

despite their best efforts. I had to make up that lost time in the next relay. With the headwind persisting I had to fly at full throttle, an air speed of 210 miles an hour, to make 170 miles ground speed. It was shortly after one o'clock Central time when my wheels touched at Wichita, Kansas, 1329 miles from New York.

I was tired when I exchanged my place at the controls with Chief Bohan, a full-blooded Indian. Seven hours at the stick steadily are a strain despite the two rest periods. But I stayed on the field to watch him take off. I was asleep in a Wichita hotel long before the Chief made his first landing at Albuquerque, New Mexico. I was still sleeping when he shot into the unfinished landing field at Seligman, Arizona. And I hadn't yet awakened when he hurdled the lofty peaks of the lower Sierras glinting the rays of a new sun and nosed down to deliver his cargo at Los Angeles on schedule to the dot at 8:44 A.M. Pacific time. No cameras or reporters greeted the Chief on his arrival. Probably he doesn't know yet what his cargo included. He turned in his manifest, took off his working clothes like any man finished with his day's work and went home to bed. But half an hour later a worried lot of studio folk welcomed our uniformed messenger and went happily about the murder in hand. The cost to them? Much less than the minimum telephone tolls when they'd located the dagger the night before. And had plain Jimmy Jones in New York decided to send his girl in Los Angeles a box of candy on the same breath-taking schedule, the same service at the same cost was available.

THE flight I have described was an average flight. Only twice have I been late. A few weeks ago, flying west, I got lost in a fog somewhere between St. Louis and Kansas City. It wasn't merely lack of vision that decided me to turn back. The mist was accompanied by freezing weather. That combination is an ice-forming condition, and ice-laden wings are an invitation to disaster. So I located my position by radio and followed the beam back to East St. Louis, piloting by ear. Arrived there safely I had to wait for daylight. I was six hours late at Wichita. Against that westbound delay, teamed up with Chief Bohan, I helped establish a record on the return trip. We hurdled the continent in exactly 13 hours 10 minutes flying time. That record did not stand for long. As this is written Buddy Jones and Harry van Liew have done it in fourteen hours flat, elapsed time. Leaving Los Angeles at four in the afternoon, Jones landed at Wichita six hours and fifty minutes later. Van Liew finished the trip in seven hours and ten minutes. He landed at New York at six A.M.

Our regular schedule is seventeen hours. In spite of inaugurating it in midwinter,

when weather conditions are at their worst, we have maintained it for many weeks now without the loss of a man or a ship. But safety is only one phase of our service. Coupled with confidence that their packages will not be lost or damaged in such high-speed transit shippers must also be convinced of reliability. The best evidence that we have emphatically established valuable time-saving as a dependable feature is the steady increase in cargoes every trip. Day by day our poundage increases. We can carry half a ton a trip.

Few pilots in the United States have more flying time officially credited in their log-books than have 1—12,500 hours. Two hundred hours of that air-time was gained in my flight around the world. Except for my present job, a brief term as a test pilot, and army service, I've mostly been a stunt man and barnstormer. But I'm getting more kick out of helping speed up air transport than ever I did as a circus pilot.

Naturally I still chiefly prize in my flying record my part in the first non-stop hop of the Pacific. But I must measure the world's appreciation of the importance of that flight by press applause rather than monetary reward. I am disappointed that the effort, the risk and the hardships were not financially repaid, but I am not bitter because they were not. I like to think that in pioneering the Pacific air route I have established the foundations for a commercial flying service. A concrete analogy can be drawn for such a vision in my present work.

It is not yet ten years since the first non-stop transcontinental flight was made. It took Oakley Kelly and John MacReady twenty-six hours and fifty minutes to span the continent. Their flight properly was acclaimed as epoch-making. Yet today any person with the price of a ticket may fly across the continent in two hours less time, with several stops included.

It is little more than eight years since Russell Maughan accomplished his famous dawn-to-dusk flight from New York to San Francisco. That sensational dash from ocean to ocean was one of the aviation marvels of the year. His elapsed time was twelve minutes under twenty-two hours. Yet here we are with standard flying equipment reversing Maughan's schedule in the greater hazards of dusk-to-dawn, bettering the fantastic stunt of yesterday by five hours on a seven-nights-a-week routine.

I do not draw that comparison to deprecate Maughan's flight. With his plane, the crude landing facilities then available and lack of navigational aids, his hop was remarkable. In two previous attempts weather and mechanical failures had defeated him. Personally I sat many days on Sabishiro Beach, Japan, awaiting favorable weather reports before taking off. Postponements of various trans-Atlantic flights

on account of weather have persisted. But thanks to increasing reliability of motors and planes, light beacons, radio-direction beams, such efficient weather reporting service as I have mentioned, and the constantly broadening experience of pilots in night as well as day flying it takes an unusual combination of bad weather and bad luck to prevent a scheduled commercial flight today.

Progress in speed has gone forward with other air aids. We cruise between 160 and 170 miles an hour air speed. Top speed on express planes varies from 200 to 210 miles an hour, depending on whether we are equipped with retractile or stream-lined landing gear. It is only flying westward that we need maximum speed. East-bound with a ninety-mile tail-wind and 210 miles air speed it is possible to cover three hundred miles an hour. That speed approximates the world speed record for landplanes, but of course such racing records are conducted to discount either aid or hindrance from wind. Under ideal conditions, with present equipment, it is entirely possible that some night soon express pilots will duplicate the present transcontinental record of less than ten hours from coast to coast.

Successful operation is not entirely dependent on planes and navigational aids, however. The final test is a human factor—the pilot. Radio beams, light beacons, weather service, fast, reliable planes, expert mechanics, are of no importance separately or collectively, if lacking is a mind intelligent enough to coordinate them to one's needs, and, more important, to utilize them in avoiding hazards.

Should I list our roster of ten pilots I doubt that the average reader would recognize any name save my own. Immodesty is not intended by that statement. Rather I wish to emphasize that what publicity has been given my name was no consideration when I was invited to join air express. I was picked for my job not because I am Pangborn of the trans-Pacific hop, but because I am a veteran of long and varied flying experience. Flying with me are men who learned to fly during the war as did I, a few former mail pilots, several post-war flyers. One of us did not learn to fly until 1927. Chief Bohan owned his own planes and piled up flying hours for amusement before he adopted piloting as a profession.

As air express grows and more pilots are needed they will not be too hard to find. In cockpits all over the country are pilots of whom the public never will hear who are establishing reputations *within the profession* for piloting ability and clear-headed judgment which will cause them to be sought out by the expanding operator. Some youngster now fretting to get through ground school and into the air for his first dual instruction will, in the course of gain-

ing experience after graduation, attract the attention of some operations chief who will put him at the top of the available list. In competition with some notoriety-seeker presenting as credentials a swollen scrapbook of his good-will flight to Timbuctoo, the kid will get the job every time. Publicity alone never made a flyer. It's a pilot's reputation *in the trade* which determines his chance for a job. What we're trying to do is to put over the idea that air travel is swifter, and as safe, as other vehicles of transportation. We want air transport accepted by the public as a commonplace, an everyday means of travel. Air express we want appreciated, not as a phenomenal stunt, but as a dependable service to the public. We pilots would prefer increasing patronage to any amount of personal publicity as supermen. That is the spirit of the air express and it is in a sense selfish. Our jobs depend on the expansion of our clientele.

I have mentioned the present one-day schedule of passenger air transport. Such fast travel time is not in competition with us. Express has a seven-hour advantage over passenger-mail lines on a strict time schedule, and for all practical purposes that is the saving of a full business day.

And now for the analogy I see between my trans-Pacific hop and the present development of air express. When Maughan thrilled and amazed the nation by his dawn-to-dusk flight I was flying war-time planes in Ivan Gates's circus in Russell Maughan's home town in Utah. And was the populace provoked because he didn't make a landing there! Today I am one of ten journeymen pilots who are nightly spanning the country in five hours less time than Maughan's spectacular dash. If such progress in eight years stands as an accomplished fact, is it not logical to assume that the sensational non-stop hop of the Pacific of little more than a year ago may be on routine schedule ten years hence?

The only obstacles to such accomplishment which I can foresee are that several nations would be involved in establishing and maintaining ground facilities and navigational aids to serve the operators. In turn that involves treaties, an equitable division of the cost, and appropriations to meet the expense, all of which entails political complications both international and domestic. But if the same efficient aid as is supplied within its own boundaries by the United States Government could be made available for Pacific air transport there is no reason why Tokio could not be brought within two days of our West Coast. Ten years hence my flying time of little more than forty-one hours for the 4600-mile hop may be as commonplace relatively as the speed records established less than ten years ago by Maughan, Kelly and Mac-Ready appear to pilots today.

I am young enough and sufficiently enthusiastic over air transport to believe that it is entirely within the realm of possibility that I yet may be piloting in regular commercial service over the air trail to Japan which I pioneered in October, 1931.



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# *As a T. B. Veteran Sees It*

(Continued from page 3)

or until such time as his condition again becomes active. On the face of it this seems fairly generous. It possibly is in some cases. The injustice of this ruling, however, lies in the fact that it apparently takes no consideration of the extent and duration of the disease. The patient whose lungs are badly consumed is rated identically with the man who has the slightest of incipient cases.

Any medical authority, thoroughly conversant with the disease, will tell you that such a rating shows gross ignorance of the disease and its effects. The man who reaches a state of complete arrest from an incipient T. B. case is able to do practically anything he ever did. On the other hand, the man with a far advanced case, or the one subject to hemorrhages, is usually unable to earn his own living at any time.

THE Veterans Administration apparently recognizes the fact that, even though a state of complete arrest has been reached, there is grave danger of subsequent relapses. This is shown by quotations from two letters which I have from the Administration in connection with my claim. In notifying me that I am to receive the statutory award they say, "You will continue to receive this amount as long as your service connected disability is considered inactive." In another letter relative to the same claim, "If at any time in the future the tuberculosis becomes reactivated a rating commensurate with the degree of disability will be assigned."

There should be no question of reactivation. Sufficient compensation should be paid to enable the veteran to live without danger of relapse. Tubercular victims cannot stand recurrent break-downs. Each one is more serious than the previous, until they culminate in the final, fatal collapse.

When I was discharged from hospital as an arrested case, after eleven months' treatment, the doctors who made the examination informed me that I could hold the arrested condition if I would take matters very easily. The next day my compensation was reduced to a point that would have forced me to work had not my widowed mother insisted on supporting my family. Today I am receiving only the statutory award, from which is deducted the premium on my government insurance amounting to more than \$14.00 a month, in spite of the fact that I have furnished affidavits from doctors and Legion officials testifying that the effort of earning my own living would undoubtedly have fatal results. And my case is by no means an isolated one. There are many, many others just like it.

Such unjust ratings are not the fault of the officials of the Veterans Administration. Their hands are tied by red tape and

guaranteed unbreakable rules. They have tried to find a way to increase my income but to no avail. They claim, however, that the rules say that an arrested case of far advanced tuberculosis shall receive the statutory award and no more—and, as I said before, there is apparently no consideration taken of extent and duration of the disease.

The helplessness of the Veterans Administration officials is well illustrated by the remark of a doctor on a Regional Office rating board a few years ago when he notified me of a reduction in my disability rating.



"Son," said this doctor, "I'm mighty sorry to have to make this cut in your compensation. Your condition really does not warrant it, but a new rule has just been handed down to us and compels us to do it. We can't help ourselves."

And this points to the lack of co-operation between the medical authorities and the laymen who have the authority to establish disability ratings—though it must be admitted that the rules and laws seem to allow very little authority to anyone. My experiences have shown that the doctors' advice and recommendations are completely ignored. Here is the way it works out.

The doctor makes his report following an examination. This report is turned over to the Regional Office where a rating is given. These ratings often indicate that there has been little consideration given to any advice of the examining doctor. I know of cases where men still in hospital have had their disability allowances reduced to a 25 percent rating on the strength of a report which showed improvement. The fact that a man in hospital cannot earn his own living apparently did not carry any weight. Such cases, I will admit, are possibly rare. Nevertheless such decisions and

ratings are made, and they go to show just how much attention is paid to rules and how little is paid to actual earning ability.

This tendency of allowing the opinions and decisions of laymen to over-ride any recommendations of medical authorities was forcibly brought to my attention by a medical examiner on one of my many trips to a Regional Office for examination. This was back in the days when the Veterans Administration was known as the Veterans Bureau, but the same rules are still in force.

"If your record were charted," the doctor growled, with the aid of numerous highly explosive and totally unprintable adjectives, "it would look like the cross section of several mountain ranges. This so-and-so idea of reducing a man's disability rating just as soon as he shows any improvement is a lot of damned, dangerous nonsense. A man with tuberculosis is really totally disabled as long as there is any activity whatsoever—or any danger of activity. The system that they are using now will only keep an incipient case running along until it develops into a far advanced case and finally kills the patient."

This doctor's plain-spoken prophecy certainly has been fulfilled very nearly to the limit in my case—and to the full limit in thousands of cases. When I had my first hemorrhage back in February of 1920 the disease was revealed, by both stethoscope and X-ray, as being in the incipient stage. Had I been allowed a rating of total disability for a sufficient length of time, I could have reached a state of complete arrest and could then have resumed my regular profession. As it turned out, however, ratings that fluctuated closely with the state of activity of the disease gradually aggravated my case until I was taken to hospital ten years later with the disease in the far advanced stage—and after escaping death from hemorrhages by the very narrowest of margins. I have since been informed that more than half of my lung area is irreparably damaged. That mine is not an isolated case is shown by the fact that there are comparatively few service connected cases alive today.

AND this brings us to the subject of establishment of service connection. The present rules governing the establishment of such connection are working innumerable hardships to many veterans. Cases where the Veterans Administration doctors themselves can state with absolute certainty, after examination and diagnosis, that the disease has been of several years standing and must be of service connected origin, are not allowed such service connection because records showing a diagnosis of activity prior to 1925 cannot be shown by

the claimant. In most cases such records have been lost through fire, death of the diagnosing physician or other unavoidable reasons. In other cases the insidious nature of the disease, which may be active for years without any outward symptoms, is responsible. I knew a great number of such cases while I was in hospital.

Of course, a veteran who has been able to carry his Government Life Insurance has the right to enter claim if he believes he is permanently and totally disabled. The principal obstacle to this action is the fact that the rules governing the Veterans Administration apparently do not consider that tuberculosis is a permanently and totally disabling disease until it has reached a stage that would result in death in a short time. This, of course, means that the veteran must in too many cases sue for his insurance and, consequently forfeit, in the form of attorneys' fees, ten percent of whatever amount he may be awarded. It is rather galling to pay premiums for many years for expected protection and then receive the same decision in answer to a claim that one might expect to receive from some shyster insurance company.

It is hard to understand why any rule, whether made by laymen or doctors, can demand that a disabled veteran must go to work, whereas every doctor who examines the veteran will declare that he is physically unfit for any kind of work at all.

From the very beginning there has been every evidence of a decided lack of understanding of the problems which confront the tubercular veteran. Laws have been written and passed under the mistaken impression that they were being lenient to the tubercular. As an actual fact, many of these laws work a hardship on the very one they are intended to relieve.

A DRASTIC revision of all laws governing the treatment of the tubercular is needed. This revision should be made by a board of the best obtainable medical authorities on tuberculosis. Even so, the rules which are written by this board should not be considered absolutely binding laws. Tuberculosis is one disease where individual cases require individual treatment to as great an extent as is at all possible. This means, then, that the advice and findings of the examining physicians in the various Regional Offices and Veterans Hospitals—in fact, any reputable, qualified physician, whether connected with the Administration or not—should, after all, be the deciding factor governing the treatment and compensation to be given the individual veteran. If this is done, greater relief and far less death warrants will be given the tubercular veterans. Some idea of the ravages of the disease may be gained from the fact that for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1932, the Veterans Administration reported that tuberculosis of the lungs was responsible for 1787 deaths in Veterans Hospitals, nearly twice as many as the second highest classification—organic diseases of the heart—which accounted for 903 deaths.

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**"Old Town Canoes"**

# Hobnails

(Continued from page 7)

stolen today. If circumstantial evidence was worth anything at all, Donegal had only one course. He must hold Hethering, find the gun, compare its ejector with the empty shells in his pocket, and look around for a pair of hobnail shoes.

He ordered Holmes and the gendarme to march the angry sergeant to the police station, and himself, inquiring the way to the island, set off in his car, which he had left in front of the hotel. He crossed the bridge and, at the supply dump, found its two sentries on guard and Lieutenant Fenton asleep in a tent. As Donegal lifted the tent flap, Fenton sat up groggily.

"I want you to come up town with me, sir," Donegal said.

"WHAT for?" Fenton demanded. He stood up, swaying a little, and dragged a bottle from his bed roll. "Hair of the dog," he explained, and took a deep drink. "Now, Corporal, why the midnight maneuver?" He was a slim officer, too young for shoulder bars, with his small mouth hung loosely in a handsome face.

"I want to talk to you about Beauregard," Donegal said. "If you'll come to the gendarmerie . . ."

"Beauregard?" Fenton hiccupped. "Mr. Shylock Fagin Beauregard, the well-known penny pincher? You can't tell me anything about him. I know it all. Will you have a drink, Corporal? Well, I will. Ah, that's better. Proceed, Corporal. Beauregard. Don't tell me somebody dragged him around France by the whiskers tonight?"

"Beauregard's dead," Donegal said.

"Dead?" Fenton repeated. Momentarily the information seemed to sober him, then his mouth hung slack again. "Dead? Why didn't you tell me at once? Don't hold out on me with good news! But my joy has a fly in the ointment. 'Nother little drink? I'd always hoped he'd have a long, lingering death. In the poorhouse."

"Better put on your shoes, sir," Donegal urged.

"To be sure. I must see with my own eyes." He stopped, looking blankly at Donegal. "Did Hethering kill him?"

"Your shoes, Lieutenant," Donegal persisted. Fenton got them out and Donegal looked closely. Their soles, too, were bare of hobnails. Still, an officer would have two pairs of shoes. . . .

"Where's your billet, Lieutenant?"

"You're in it. Dainty place, isn't it? Had my choice of living in town with Hawks—lovable character, Hawks—or here with my conscience. I chose my conscience. How about a little drink, Corporal, for old times' sake? Nobody killed Hawks too? Well, that's the trouble these days. Sent Hawks back from the front because he's no good and I get him. Will you tie the shoe for me, Corporal?"

At the gendarmerie, Donegal left Fen-

ton in Operator Holmes' care and returned to the stationery shop. He would have to awaken Hawks. Already certain facts were emerging. Hethering and Fenton both hated Beauregard and both had been with him tonight. Hethering was a hard customer, no doubt of that, and Fenton irresponsible and drunk. Perhaps Lieutenant Hawks could clear the situation.

When Donegal arrived at Madame Dupre's door, he discovered neighbors once more peering in. As he entered, the widow ran quickly to him.

"It was not the Lieutenant Fenton did it?" she cried.

The side door opened and a tall American in bathrobe and slippers advanced angrily. At sight of Donegal he shouted:

"What you mean, coming in here? This place is off limits!"

Donegal took out his identification card. But before he could present it, the widow cried:

"M'sieur Lieutenant Hawks, pay attention, a most horrible thing! M'sieur Beauregard is murdered."

Hawks looked from one to the other of them.

"Beauregard?" He took the identification, glanced at it, and passed it back. Donegal watched his lean, hard face. It was unpleasant, he thought, the countenance of a zealot for unpopular causes. "I saw Beauregard tonight," Lieutenant Hawks added. "Who killed him? When?"

"Guess you sleep heavy," Donegal said, "if you didn't hear the racket."

"But no!" This was the widow. "He sleeps light!"

"So's to watch your front door," Hawks snapped. "I bet you're at the bottom of this. You're behind all the trouble in this town!"

"I?" The woman flared angrily. "I didn't ask you to live here!"

Hawks smiled unpleasantly.

"No," he agreed. "I had to, to keep an eye on you. I've got the cafés trained . . . Did you know, Corporal, this woman's been selling liquor?"

"No, I didn't know that." Donegal looked at Madame Dupre more intently. This was a new side of her. She lost no love on her lodger, nor he on her, and in spite of himself Donegal, too, disliked the lieutenant instinctively.

"If the lieutenant will come along," he suggested again.

"I'll come. Beauregard was a friend of mine. You'll bring this woman?"

Before Donegal could answer she replied defiantly: "To be sure, m'sieur. For justice, I go."

Donegal heard Hawks' bedroom slippers flapping up the stair.

"You better lock up," he told Madame Dupre. She, too, had been wearing house slippers, pink ones with bedraggled silk pom-poms. When she returned from her

own quarters, she still wore them, but had pulled a pair of wooden-soled sabots over them. From behind the counter she took a keyring. As she paused in the door Donegal reached toward it.

"Please," he said, and she gave it up. "This the key to the front door?" he asked. She nodded. "And to that?" He pointed to the stair door.

"This one," she indicated.

As he locked the door, Donegal asked: "When did Hawks put you off limits?"

"Six days ago," the widow sobbed, "and came to live here to be sure I obeyed." Donegal walked slowly, listening to the clatter of her wooden soles on the cobbles and reducing his own stride to her own short steps. "The poor soldiers, they could not drink even a glass of wine," she complained at length. "This Hawks, he is a devil for morals. Both cafés, they are closed."

"Why?"

"Because soldiers sang while drinking in them. The lieutenant does not care for singing."

"You sold liquor?"

"But certainly. Where else would the poor soldiers get their drinks? I was their friend. Besides," she lagged, as if unwilling to reach the gendarmerie, "I must make money somehow. The rent . . . that Beauregard must have the rent. If not, I must move out."

Fenton was asleep at a table in the police barracks, and the brigadier sat across from him, eating cheese soberly and smoking one of Holmes' cigarettes. Hethering lounged in a corner and Holmes waited at the door.

"KNOW anything?" Donegal asked Holmes.

"Only one thing. Fenton's glad Beauregard's dead. And Hethering ain't sorry."

"Nobody's sorry," Donegal said, "except maybe Hawks."

The widow had crossed the room, going directly to Fenton, and she shook him gently by the shoulder.

"Go to Hethering's billet," Donegal ordered Holmes. "Bring any extra shoes you find and look again for his gun. Then go to the island and look in Fenton's locker for shoes. Then go back to that newsstand . . . here's the key. Hawks lives upstairs. Look around there."

"You don't think Hawks . . .?"

"I don't think anything. He lets on he was asleep."

"Maybe he was."

"Widow says he sleeps light," Donegal reported, "so's to hear a thirsty soldier knocking on the door for a drink."

Holmes departed. Donegal, from where he stood in the doorway, could see everyone's shoes . . . the smooth soles of Fenton's boots as he sprawled at the table, the short-vamped black shoes of the gend-

arme, and Madame Dupre's small feet, her pink slippers showing above the low sabots, too gay for the drab police floor.

As Donegal entered, Madame Dupre turned sharply. "M'sieur Fenton did not keel Beauregard!" she cried. "He has told me!"

Fenton added loudly: "No, I've been thwarted, Corporal . . . you're a corporal, aren't you? That's something for my diary . . . corporal refuses drink. No, I did not kill Beauregard. I might have, but I didn't."

Donegal sat down in front of him.

"Pay attention, sir. You were at Beauregard's house tonight?"

Fenton scratched his head, then shook it.

"No," he said at length.

"You got no right to question the lieutenant, big boy," Hethering put in. "He don't know what he's saying. He's drunk."

Fenton looked up at Hethering.

"You malign me, Sergeant. I'm sober as a judge advocate. But have you heard the news! You won't need any whiskers for souvenirs. Beauregard's *fini!* Come to think of it, I was in Beauregard's house. It seems we both were there, Sergeant, arguing with him. He said he'd collect every sou . . ."

"Shh!" the widow urged.

". . . . said he'd collect every sou or put her in the street tomorrow. Tomorrow morning!"

"What's this?" Donegal asked.

"Oh, my Lieutenant!" Madame Dupre took his hands in hers. "You must not talk so!" She turned furiously on Donegal. "He does not know what he says!"

But Fenton was not to be halted.

"I told him I'd pay the rent on payday . . . that's a joke, paying the rent for Hawks, the big bum. . . ."

"What's that you say?"

Hawks himself stood in the door. Sight of his long, sour face sobered Fenton somewhat. His superior officer strode across the floor with a wide, swinging step. Donegal looked down quickly at the officer's shoes. They were not hobnails.

"You're under arrest, Fenton," Hawks announced.

Fenton sighed. "Your favorite pastime," he commented.

"For being drunk and disorderly," Hawks added angrily.

"Pig!" Madame Dupre stamped her pink slippers.

Hawks turned on her.

"Don't you start anything! I know all about you! How you and Fenton . . . the sot . . . have been meeting late at night. I've followed you. Think I don't check the guard? Where were you tonight, the two of you?"

Donegal leaned forward. Fenton was sobering rapidly.

"You might explain that, Fenton," Hawks challenged.

"I was in my bed," the woman answered. She looked hard at Hawks, her eyes flashing. "You . . . I (Continued on page 50)



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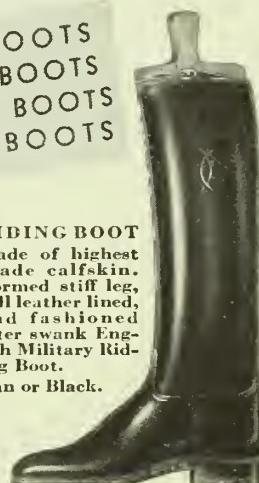


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## FRIENDLY FIVES \$5

# Hobnails

(Continued from page 49)

heard you run up the stair the minute after the shots!"

She fired the accusation at him, and swung on Donegal.

"That's the man! Go look for his tracks! If I wish to speak to my Lieutenant Fenton, it is no affair of his! But he sneak after us. We saw you! Often! You would keep me from selling the drinks to thirsty boys? Then you need more than two eyes, m'sieur! Do you think the forty francs' rent you pay will keep Beauregard from putting me in the street tomorrow?"

Fenton said, huskily: "Don't be a fool, Hawks. Sure, I've been drinking. Got two tongues in my mouth right now. Pleasant feeling, usually, but when you come with a lot of charges . . ."

"You were fighting with Beauregard?" Hawks charged.

"No, I wasn't fighting. Told him what I thought of him, and promised to pay Madame Dupre's rent next payday."

Donegal's mind explored rapidly, piecing together what he had heard and what he suspected.

"Why didn't you get up when you heard the shooting?" he asked Hawks.

"Didn't hear it."

"It's a lie!" the widow cried. "What footsteps did I hear on the stairway?"

Hawks glared, but she returned his look unflinchingly.

"Shut up, woman." This from Hethering. "Some frog bumped this bird off." He turned to Donegal. "Well, if you're a detective, big boy, why the hell don't you detect?"

The outer door opened. Operator Holmes entered, carrying a pair of shoes, and gingerly, by a string, an automatic pistol. Behind him the damp gray of dawn lined the opposite roofs.

Donegal took the shoes and turned them over. In two straight rows across the broad sole extra hobnails had been set. These were the shoes that made the tracks last night.

"The gun's been fired," Holmes said. "Smell the burned powder. I got it by the string to save the fingerprints."

Donegal turned, with the shoes in his hand, and looked at the three Americans standing there. Hethering's eyes were propped wider, Fenton blinked, and Hawks stared.

"Where you find these?" Donegal asked.

"In Lieutenant Hawks' quarters," Holmes answered, "just outside the door at the top step. There's a funny little shelf with a lot of shoes and leggins, curtain in front. The gun was there, too. I found another gun, back of Hethering's cot. It was full of old cosmoline, hadn't been fired lately."

"You've been in my room?" Hawks cried. "What right have you to sneak into an officer's room?"

Madame Dupre exclaimed: "I told you!

Hawks killed him! Hawks, that puts me off limits!"

"Lieutenant," Donegal said, "I trailed the murderer from Beauregard's house to your door. These were the shoes that made the trail. Do you want to say anything?"

The officer stared blankly at him, not understanding fully.

"Are you accusing me?"

"I'm asking if you want to say anything?"

"Of course I didn't do it," Hawks said. "Only time I went out last night was to check the guard."

"What time was that?"

"Eleven o'clock," Hawks said. He was uneasy; his domineering manner began to leave him. "At the little bridge I heard Fenton talking about Beauregard."

Fenton broke in: "You damned sneak! Eavesdropping!"

"This woman was there. I started toward them and they ran. I went back to my billet."

"What shoes were you wearing?" Donegal asked.

"These I have on," Hawks said. He made as if to take the hobnailed pair from the table, but Donegal interrupted him.

"You heard the shooting," Donegal accused.

"Yes," Hawks admitted, "I did."

"Why didn't you get up?"

Hawks answered: "I thought it was none of my business."

"Afraid of gunfire?" Donegal asked. He leaned over the hobnail shoes, under the lamp, studying them closely. He scraped off a few pieces of dried mud, ran his finger over a cut upon the heel, reached inside and pulled a small pink thread from the rough leather.

"Lieutenant Fenton," he said, "you're sober now. What about Beauregard?"

"I left him at nine o'clock," Fenton said. "That's the truth. Stopped and got some liquor a friend bought for me . . ."

Hawks growled and got up, walking toward the door. Holmes sidled in front of it quickly and Hawks returned nervously to the table.

"At about eleven o'clock I was at the bridge," Fenton said, "and Madame Dupre with me. I heard somebody in the brush, thought it might be Hawks . . . he likes to prowl in the dark . . . so I went back to bed and Dupre went home."

"Anybody see you go back to bed?"

"No," Fenton said.

"You were talking about Beauregard," Donegal prompted.

"Beauregard was going to put Madame Dupre out today because she didn't pay her rent. Hawks knew that. Gloated over it?" Fenton's voice lifted. "He put her place off limits, knowing she'd been selling a little liquor to pay the rent."

"Why didn't you pay it for her?" Donegal asked.

"I'm broke. I promised I would, pay-day."

"And met her at the bridge and told her you hadn't been able to move Beauregard?"

Fenton nodded.

"I guess that clears up the case," Donegal said.

"Good lord, Corporal!" Hawks cried.

"I'll tell you," Donegal said. "Hethering had an argument with Beauregard."

"Don't say anything you can't prove, big boy!" the sergeant warned.

"And Lieutenant Fenton argued with him. Didn't get very far. At the bridge he and Madame Dupre talked about it, and about you, Lieutenant Hawks."

He picked up the shoes, turning the hobnails to the light.

"The tracks to Beauregard's door were very plain," he said. "Made by these shoes. There's two extra rows of nails across the soles. Here they are. And there were five shots fired. And here are the shells. Fired at four feet and only one hit him. That meant something or other."

Hawks leaned forward.

"Lieutenant Fenton says you were relieved at the front," Donegal charged. "That's true?"

"None of your damned business!" Hawks flared.

"All right," Donegal said, "go back to the tracks. They came in through the gate and along the walk and out again. The steps were about this far apart, and they hardly sank into the mud at all. And instead of going over that low stone hedge, they went around it."

They all were listening intently.

"That showed that whoever wore those shoes wasn't very heavy, and had short legs," Donegal said. "Too short to take a

stride, or to step over the wall. It showed that the murderer was a poor shot."

"You don't mean to tell me . . ." Hawks began.

Lieutenant Hawks claims he lay in bed when he heard the shooting. Now he was relieved at the front . . . what was the trouble up there, sir? Gunfire kind of get your nerves?"

Hawks' thin lips trembled.

"Shell shock," he said.

"That's why he didn't get up, he was afraid. And here, in this shoe, is a silk thread, off your pink slipper, Madame. The ones you have on, inside your sabots. You wore 'em last night inside Hawks' shoes. Aren't a very good shot either."

The widow screamed, and flung herself at Fenton, begging him to protect her. Instead he pushed her away, an expression of horror spreading like a spot of oil across his face.

"She killed Beauregard," Donegal said. "And hating Hawks, tried to hang it on him. Figured on double revenge. Kill one man and hang the blame on the other. She put Hawks' shoes on, took his gun, killed the banker and ran back and slipped up the stair. Told us she heard Hawks climb the steps afterward. Then waited for us to arrest him. It's all plain."

Hethering cleared his throat.

"Listen, big boy," he said, "you're a better cop than most. . . ."

"It's a lie!" the woman screamed.

". . . you got that cleared," Hethering insisted, "but there's one other thing. How I get my forty francs the old frog gipped me outa?"

"Lieutenant Hawks will pay that."

"I?"

"Cost of acquittal," Donegal answered.

## P. W.

(Continued from page 13)

mitt Uns" in a cigar box and when one day in his absence the captain peeped in unexpectedly he saw the cigar box on the table, opened it and found it full of souvenirs in the making. He did not say anything although, as a rule, souvenir making, being a means of earning money, was not permitted.

Since I am mentioning the sergeant major, I may say a little more about him. He was a man about thirty-five years old and had seen a lot. He spoke French passably well and some claimed he had been in the French Foreign Legion. He was quite mean, perhaps not naturally so but he probably felt that that was the only way to be for a good German sergeant major. He had, however, a good sense of humor and in spite of my general dislike for him, he quite often amused me. Of course, he knew also that it was better for him to be on good terms with me. He knew all the common tricks of the soldier and was one of those fellows that always get things.

One day I saw him take the kitchen stove apart and wondered what it was all about. He told me that he was making black shoe-polish and that this was the only place where he could get soot. He had made himself a leather pocketbook which had about twenty pockets and was two yards long when all unfolded. He had his coat all lined with chamois leather and so heavy and hot was it that he never liked to put it on. His idea was, of course, to take this leather home with him to Germany where it was worth a great deal. But something interfered with his plans. One day the captain announced that we had to part with either the overcoat or the slicker and it was up to us to choose which, but it had to be the same for the whole company. I was the only one that could perhaps understand why the sergeant major was trying to persuade everybody to keep the overcoats, but he was not successful and off went his chamois-lined treasure.

Every evening, (Continued on page 52)

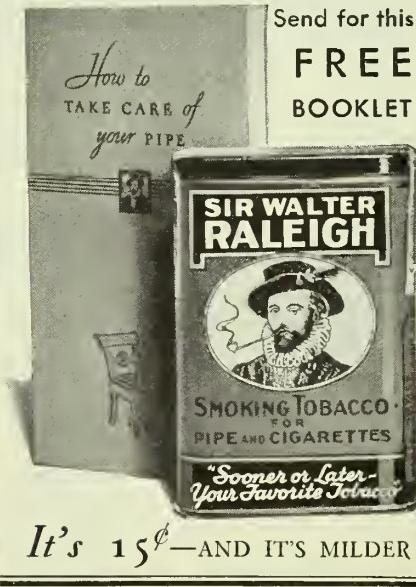
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# P. W.

(Continued from page 51)

around supper time, the sergeant major and I reported to the captain and occasionally had some trouble with the payroll. A man received twenty French centimes a day if he was working eight hours and was entitled to one day of rest, usually Sunday. I, being classified as chief interpreter, received something like seventy-five centimes. The captain was a very methodical and meticulous man, as I said before, and this payroll business gave him loads of trouble and us a lot of amusement, because nobody cared for the twenty centimes a day as long as souvenirs could be made and sold at ten and twenty francs apiece. One night the captain tried for hours to figure out with us the correct pay for men that worked fractions of a day and he was talking about half centimes and quarter centimes.

Once a week, on Sunday morning, we had a general inspection. The captain was so exacting that he would not even allow burnt matches around the barracks. Several Americans said that ours were the best kept barracks they had ever seen. Some men showed a remarkable ability to make these wooden barracks very home-like. There were between the bunks, at almost every table, pictures and a lamp shade. One corner was labeled "Artists' Home." Part of the mess hall was divided off and used as a work-shop for our handy men, the ones I mentioned before. Among them was one fellow whom I liked in many ways. He lacked altogether the servile spirit and would talk to the captain or any other superior in the same way he talked to me, without ever being impudent, and I felt that it did not fail to impress the American officers. He was a decided socialist, yet he disliked the French for apparently no reason at all.

On one Sunday he was asked to unlock his shop for inspection and the captain looked everything over very carefully. The two lieutenants, the sergeant major and I were standing behind him when he noticed a shelf hidden by a canvas curtain, and when his hands reached for the curtain to see what was behind it, our handy man turned around with a grin on his face which I will never forget. He was the master of the situation because neither the two lieutenants nor the sergeant major and I could help laughing, so when the captain turned around he found everybody laughing at him while he was trying to be very serious, because on that shelf there was some cake and he had received orders that the prisoners were to be allowed no food whatsoever in their quarters. The offender declared in the most composed manner that that cake was for his afternoon tea, or rather coffee, and the captain rebuked him without however punishing him. This same man had manufactured a great many souvenirs for the captain and both lieutenants, and I know that they all liked him.

If the captain had known that in spite of his inspection our barracks were full of food, he probably would have been pretty mad. There were regular cellars under the barracks and all one had to do was to remove part of the wooden floor to cast one's eyes on canned food of the greatest variety. I don't know how those fellows managed to pick up all that stuff.

I got hold of a great many things myself whenever I was outside. Once I brought home a wonderful light hand-wagon, which developed to be of great use, and many of the best tools that were used in our shop had been brought in by me. There seemed to be no such crime as stealing in the army. The lieutenants even praised us indirectly for being able to get all we wanted.

The captain was the greatest souvenir hunter I ever saw. He would take anything, from a cartridge to an army tank. He had three of our men working exclusively for him at the quartermaster's barrack, embossing shells with figures of American soldiers and the words "The Watch on the Rhine," making boxes for all the souvenirs he sent almost daily to the States, and doing all sorts of odd jobs just for him personally. One day he came unexpectedly into the barrack of the German non-coms, who had nothing to do all day but snoop around. He walked into a regular souvenir factory, and souvenir making was not allowed, as I said before, because we could earn money with it which, in turn, could help us make a getaway. Even the twenty centimes a day were handed to us in coupons. He asked one of the corporals and me over to his place and we anticipated the worst, but what a surprise it was when he gave to this man a number of shells and bullets to make into souvenirs for him. He would pay him in cigars and chocolate, he said.

A great many mess kit lids disappeared from the camps at Langres and there was at first no explanation for this until it turned out that the prisoners were using them to make match boxes and other souvenirs. All silver coins in the neighborhood disappeared also because they made rings of them.

I had a great time translating love letters in very ungrammatical French and English for the fellows of our escort company and their momentary sweethearts. I acted as interpreter between Americans and French also at other occasions; for instance, when a Frenchman would come on some business to the camp or whenever the captain wanted to buy something up town. I had been there about a dozen times and knew the stores much better than he did and could tell him exactly where he could get what he wanted. One day our second lieutenant thought of having a civilian suit made by one of our tailors and buying the material in town. As well as I could,

I gave him the translation of the accessories he would have to buy but he then found that list so difficult that he asked me to go with him to town. He went, against the rules, without a gun. In a store at Langres we got what we wanted and everything seemed to go smoothly except the bill. The lieutenant tried to cut it down and I had to do the bargaining, which did not help us a bit. It was a rather unpleasant task for me and one fellow at camp suggested later that I should have talked to the salesman about the fine weather instead and then tell the lieutenant that he had just assured me six times that he could not do it for less.

When I was uptown at another occasion my escort decided that he was going to have a drink. Since he could not leave me alone, he dragged me into the Café du Balcon, the largest in town. Immediately, the waiter, the owner, the barmaid, the wife of the owner on the balcony and half a dozen other people started yelling "Ah, non, un Boche!" and threw both of us out. I had no ill-feelings toward them and could understand their indignation. We then went to another café where there were plenty of Frenchmen, especially soldiers, that did not molest us, but an M. P. did this time and my friend could not have his drink.

My relations with the men of our escort company were at times highly amusing. Whenever they felt very tired while on guard between the two barbed-wire fences they asked me kindly to awake them in case I should see them asleep. When there was inspection at nighttime the corporal at the gate would yell his "Halt, who's there?" so extremely loud as to awake any of the guards that might be asleep. Someone on the opposite side would also fire his gun, by mere accident, of course.

The former chief interpreter, a fellow of quite dumb appearance and rather mean disposition, had been promoted from first sergeant to lieutenant and his promotion only reached him after he had been several months in captivity. I commented on this to one of our guards, saying, "That's the kind of men that become lieutenants in the German army," to which he replied, "And in our army they make them captains," and we had a good laugh.

Every afternoon the quartermaster we had would drive in a Ford to the station to get the bread for the day, but many days he did not get any, simply because he could not help calling at a café uptown and would then be so late that the bread was gone. One day he did not come back at all. He came three weeks later and went straight to the brig and was no longer sergeant. Instead of getting the bread he had sold the Ford and made merry with the proceeds until he was caught.

Our men who worked outside had also a lot to tell. There was, for instance, Captain M., a very fat and tough looking fellow. Whenever he saw prisoners at work, he would grab the gun and bayonet of one of the guards and drive the prisoners on with it, just as if he were about to stick

it into one of them. They soon learned, however, how they could outwit him. Whenever he heard a lot of yelling he was convinced that everybody was working as hard as he could, so when they were about to shove a box on a railroad car and someone announced Captain M. they would start an infernal noise and Captain M. passed by, radiant.

Then there was "Tomatohead," another of the officers in charge outside. After we had received notice that we were to move from Langres, shortly before our repatriation, a train pulled into camp with old iron and junk. "Tomatohead" saw it come and wondered what it was and then found out that he had loaded that very same rubbish on the very same cars about three months before. It had probably been given a joy ride all over France in the meantime. We were ready to leave but there was nobody to unload the junk, so the prisoners were again put to work and the same number of men that it had taken half a day to put it on unloaded it in fifteen minutes, simply because they wanted to get away. "Tomatohead" stood there with his watch in his hand and his mouth open.

The Heinies always knew immediately when there was something they could get hold of and co-operation between them was remarkable. Whenever they unloaded some of the large American freight cars full of provisions that came generally from Bordeaux, Le Havre or Saint Nazaire, they regularly found hidden among the cargo packages of tobacco, pieces of chocolate, canned food, soap, etc., which had been smuggled in by the prisoners who had loaded the cars. I once spoke to a fellow who came from Bordeaux and he told me that nobody even bothered to wash underwear, because they could lay their hands on all the underwear they wanted and they simply threw the dirty stuff away.

One day the prisoners were busy at a storehouse carting in new supplies. There were also cigarettes among the incoming goods and they wanted some, and whenever the Heinies wanted something one of the boxes or packages would simply come to grief. When they thought that nobody was looking, a large package of cigarettes, by mere accident, landed under the wheels of a hand truck and was all torn up. The small packages of cigarettes that came out were grabbed eagerly by anxious hands and disappeared in many pockets, all this in a few seconds' time. They then went on with their work as if nothing had happened. When they were lined up that same evening and ready to march home, one of the American sergeants came with the outer wrapper and said very calmly in German: "You forgot the paper."

I spoke several times to officers outside who asked me how we were treated, whether we had enough to eat, etc., to which I naturally always replied very favorably. Once I did not realize that the man asking me certain questions was an officer, because he wore an ordinary slicker, until someone (Continued on page 54)

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*P. W.*

(Continued from page 53)

addressed him as "Captain." I had talked to him as I would to any ordinary soldier and when I apologized he simply said: "Oh, that's all right—this is the American Army."

Toward the end of our stay at Langres, four men escaped. One of them was caught again and brought back. They all got away while working outside and arranged it so that they would get into that particular detail from which a getaway was easiest. There was one thing about their flight that I did not like—they wrote us that near Langres they were stopped by a Frenchman but that they had "settled with him." The fourth fellow, when brought back, went to the brig for fourteen days and was supposed to have a regular meal only once every three days, the rest of the time bread and water. I arranged so that I always brought this to him, but before that I had the men in our kitchen cut out the center of the hunk of bread and had it filled with meat, cheese or sausage, and what I had in the canteen was not water at all but soup. Then I generally had a chance to drop a package of cigarettes in the cell of the prisoner. I guess that the guards got to know all this but they were good fellows and never interfered. Very soon the man told me to stop filling the bread and to bring him once in a while water instead of soup because he was eating too much. He couldn't smoke all the cigarettes either.

Shortly after the escape of these four men several suspicious fellows had been caught at an American encampment in the neighborhood and our lieutenant asked me whether I would like to go over with him to identify them, if necessary. I first was inclined to go because I liked the trip and knew that our men had not gone in that direction, but then, since the lieutenant had been kind enough to let me choose, I declined, as I might have got other prisoners into trouble.

Our company was moved to Gièvres in the summer of 1919, a camp that had been vacated almost entirely by the American troops, leaving only the clean-up jobs behind. An immense refrigeration plant had been built there by the Americans, perhaps the largest in all of France, and trains were constantly coming and leaving.

While at Gièvres, some of the old men of our escort company, among whom was Lieutenant Bartlow, went back home to our regret, and were relieved by others.

When the day of our release finally came, I went back with the rest via Limburg to a large German repatriation camp near Munich. Everyone had his souvenir box full of tobacco, cigarettes and chocolate. The people everywhere were surprised that we were all well fed and well clothed and at Munich we looked in vain for the garbage can into which we ordinarily dumped the refuse from our meals. In Munich

they ate everything. I spoke here to prisoners who had returned from Italy and who were full of praise for the treatment they had received.

I may say that one year after my repatriation I went across the Alps to beautiful Italy, where I remained for two years, and for another year I went to Spain. From Spain I came to this country about five years ago. I have been in Europe three times since, conducting American tourists, as far as Constantinople.

\* \* \*

And now, in conclusion, when I look back upon those days of captivity, when I was nineteen years old, how long ago that seems to be!

The notes you have been reading were written about five years ago. I have become an American citizen since. As I read them again, I realize how one slowly forgets after all. The incidents become blurred and fade away. But there is some reason. I have seen so much in the meantime. I have accepted conditions and customs of several nations, I have learned their languages, I have become an entirely different being, and far be it from me to be sorry for it; to the contrary: I have lived a new life, of a wider physical and mental sphere. I have been in some thirty different countries, I have crossed the ocean eight times, and I am at present living in the same country in which all these happenings took place, and which I got to love so well: France. But my real home is in New York, of which there are no two.

Every time I get back to the States and I stand on Times Square, I am overwhelmed by the magnitude, the vastness and the power of the country which is so well symbolized by that square. I wish I could take that old subway now, the express, of course, which New Yorkers are constantly cursing and which they would miss so much if it were thousands of miles away, and run down to Times Square in a few minutes, but the subway station across the street from me is labeled "Église d'Auteuil," and there are no expresses.

And I got my start for all this traveling on that meadow in France, where I spent nearly a year, without worry, without care, learning to speak English tolerably well.

I saw that place again only a few Sundays ago. Horses were grazing where the stockade had been. And how peaceful it was! No uniforms, no trucks, no barracks, no piles of spare parts, no consolidated mess.

And Langres, with all its war time bustle, its soldiers, French and American, its military hospitals, its fugitives, has again assumed the quietness and complacency of a sleepy French provincial town. Only at the café which I had been thrown out of a loudspeaker poured out over the now empty Place Diderot its jazz airs. I had

a drink or two there and greatly amused the owner when I told him what had happened to me at this place fourteen years before.

I had the greatest difficulty in finding the site of the former casual camp, where I worked for six weeks in the kitchen. Most people I asked about it did not remember anything. But then there was "Grandpop." "Grandpop" worked in a carpenter shop and people referred me to him because he was one of the oldest residents. "We saw so much during the war," he said to me, but he remembered the spot.

Everything had changed. New houses had been built, and old ones were no longer there. I had given up all hope of finding anyone around that still remembered me. I went to visit the old woman who had sent me the two eggs. And I found her, and so infirm she could scarcely move about. Was she surprised? I should say she was. It was touching when she went to fetch a newspaper to put my straw hat on so that it should not get soiled on her kitchen table. And then she talked to me about those terrible years. "My God, how that war was long!" she repeated many times, and then how her only son had safely returned, and

how happy it made her and her husband.

And Lieutenant Bartlow? Yes, I located him, about six months ago, through the aid of The American Legion Monthly. And unfortunately, I got the letter only a few weeks after I had been within three miles of his home in California, overlooking the Pacific. And how surprised he was to get a letter from me!

I hope that some day in the future we shall be able to meet, and then we shall talk about France, Langres, the Heimes, the suit we bought together, the Old Man's souvenirs, the sergeant major's six-foot pocketbook, the pianos, the leaden belt buckles, the drunken quartermaster, Tomatohead, and a few other things and people—memories of a past when we were fourteen years younger.

*At Mr. Volmar's request, his account of his experiences was shown before publication to former Second Lieutenant Ira Madison Bartlow, now of Pacific Grove, California, and a member of Monterey Peninsula Post of The American Legion. Mr. Bartlow says of the narrative that it is "a perfect chronicle of events and an excellent interpretation of the prison atmosphere."*

## The Naval Reserve Stands By

(Continued from page 17)

Fried, is one of the recent additions to the list of these ships.

Experts of both the regular service and reserve are in agreement that the Naval Reserve of today is by far more efficient and better trained than ever before. It numbers about 8,000 officers and 35,000 men of whom 1,000 officers and 8,500 men are in the weekly drilling organizations. It is capable of immediately increasing the man-power of the navy by nearly 50 percent with uniformed men of considerable naval training. For this, the federal Government spends approximately one percent of the annual naval appropriation.

Probably not over 4 percent of the enlisted men and 25 percent of the officers are World War veterans and these percentages are decreasing very rapidly.

With the personnel of the regular establishment shrinking daily, being now far below that treaty strength consistently advocated by The American Legion, the relative importance of the organized reserve force rises. That this is recognized by the Legion was shown at the Portland Convention when the adopted report of its National Defense Committee advocated "an adequate naval reserve with provisions for annual training cruises and weekly drills."

It is to be noted that, either by conscription or voluntary means, large forces of trained reserve personnel are now in being in all the countries abroad having large navies. The statesmen and strategists of these countries are keenly conscious of

the many benefits and very slight expense of such forces.

In his annual report, Secretary of the Navy Adams states that naval ships in commission today are manned with an average of 84.6 percent of their complement. With the present limitation of armaments, reduction in personnel and the very uncertain international outlook, it is more than ever essential for this country to have a Naval Reserve that is trained to fill up the crews of ships in commission and to man those ships which are at present laid up and for which there is no complement. Since the original Naval Reserve Bill was enacted, the attitude of Congress has been one of indifference so far as the efficiency of the Naval Reserve is concerned.

The original bill provided for sixty regular drills plus fifteen days' active training. Several years ago the sixty drills were reduced to forty-eight drills. Last year the fifteen days' training period was abolished, and Naval Reserve activities are to be further curtailed, it now appears, by reducing the number of drills to twenty-four and allowing fourteen days only for active training. If Congress continues to reduce the allowed number of drills, it will be no time before the morale of the Reservists will reach a very low state.

The men of the Naval Reserve give much of their spare time and, in many cases, their only annual vacations. They ask in return that the policy of naval economy shall not be permitted to cripple this necessary national service.



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Otto Spengler had been in the press-clipping business ever since boyhood. When the war broke out he visualized this newspaper log on a world-sweeping scale. His experience told him of the difficulties he would encounter before he reached his objective—an unbroken narrative written on both sides of the battle lines, wherever and whenever troops were engaged, with comment from associated belligerents and neutrals throughout the world.

The period embraced in the 400-volume chronicle runs from June 29, 1914, the date of the assassination of the Austrian heir, down to the conclusion of the post-war parleys in 1926.

One hundred million words went into the telling of the colossal tale, written by the pens of legions of writers, and composed on presses in such wide-apart places as London and Shanghai, Berlin and Cape Town, Paris, Chicago, Moscow—practically every important city in the world.

The first thing to be done in preparing to construct this many-sided account of the World War was to select the newspapers to be used, and to arrange for their delivery. Two thousand papers published in the United States arrived at Mr. Spengler's house on New York City's East Side daily by truck. Each one came in duplicate, and of some there were as many as ten copies,

to meet all possible contingencies of clipping and compiling.

By arrangement with bureaus in London, Paris, Geneva, Berlin, Vienna and Milan; all clippings that made any reference whatsoever to the war came through from three thousand papers published abroad. In all, five thousand papers were drawn upon in storing up this bottomless reservoir of information about the World War.

The war stopped finally. But the redoubtable Mr. Spengler did not. He had gathered daily reports on a war that had lasted well over four years. He decided to see the thing through to the end. In the meantime preparations were begun to attack the biggest job of all—the sorting, mounting, and binding of the millions of clippings. Thirty thousand dollars would be needed to put the clippings between covers. They must be sorted, pasted to sheets, and substantially bound if they were to be of practical use.

Mr. Spengler asked two hundred persons to finance the completion of the work. Two hundred answers came back, saying unanimously, "No!" But finally, just when it looked as if the papers would have to be sent to the dump heap, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., agreed to furnish the money, on the understanding that the volumes should be placed in perpetuity in the care of the New York Historical Society.

A contract was signed and a staff of ten helpers was engaged. The material was clipped, it was sorted according to dates, then pasted with care and fastidious neatness in columns on hand-ruled sheets. An order had been placed for 40,000 leaves of heavy rag paper, nineteen by twenty-five inches in size. The stock weighed ninety pounds to the ream and was cut with the grain to avoid warping. Every considera-

tion affecting the lasting quality of the record was watchfully guarded.

The paste used was the finest and most costly obtainable. Made from refined gum arabic, the price in flakes is three dollars a pound. The special virtue of this paste for the work was that it was vermin-proof and also acted as a preservative. Mr. Spengler was able to give definite assurance to the officials of the Historical Society that the paper on which the news-story was printed would remain in its original state for at least three hundred years and probably much longer, judging by the lasting qualities of other manuscripts and books that have come down through the past ages.

The work of preparing the pages for binding went on steadily for two years and a half. Toward the end, Mr. Spengler broke down from overwork and suffered a three-months' siege in the hospital with pneumonia. His wife and the band of ten assistants carried on, often working sixteen hours a day at the long tables set up on three floors of the old-time mansion.

The four hundredth tome, standing, like the others, an inch over two feet high, was finally bound in its stout black buckram covers. Paste pot and scissors were put away. The most voluminous history ever attempted was done. To give some idea of the comprehensiveness of the work, it may be stated that whole books are in some instances devoted to the events of one day, or to the reports of a single battle, such as the Battle of the Marne, or the engagements at Verdun. Not a single puny fact about the Great War is missing. Both sides are represented impartially and exhaustively. It is the only history that contains everything that happened on and behind all the battle lines, from the belching of the first gun on the Russo-German frontier to the crossing of the last t on the final treaty.

## *The Benefit of the Doubt*

(Continued from page 15)

mathematically that certain sums could be saved by repealing the provisions to which they were opposed. When they had submitted all this cold analytical material, they jubilantly concluded that they had proved their contentions. They boasted that their cause had been won.

They boasted too soon. John Thomas Taylor, vice chairman of the Legion's National Legislative Committee, knocked their case into a pile of flat tires when the Legion's turn came to present the defense of existing legislation. Mr. Taylor forcefully impressed upon Representative McDuffie of Alabama, chairman of the Congressional committee, Senator Walsh of Massachusetts, vice chairman, and the other eight committee members facts which

the cold, calculating financial minds of the economy lawyers and statisticians and publicity experts had ignored. He pointed out they had failed to consider the human and medical questions involved in the proposals to destroy veterans' legal rights. He reminded the Senators and Representatives that afflicted and disabled veterans, incapable of earning a full livelihood, must be cared for by someone.

Point by point, Mr. Taylor showed that the so-called economy movement was in reality an effort to transfer veterans' costs from Federal taxpayers to local property taxpayers—to home owners and farm owners already overburdened with local taxes.

Again and again, Mr. Taylor reminded

the Senators and Representatives that the economy spokesmen had failed to present testimony by medical experts to back up their arguments that payments to large classes of disabled men were not in accordance with medical knowledge of the development of the diseases with which they suffered. So telling was Mr. Taylor's presentation that one of the financial organizations hurriedly did produce a so-called medical paper. It did this on the last day of the hearing, but it put no doctors on the stand where their testimony would be subject to cross examination.

WATSON B. MILLER, chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, began his testimony before the

Congressional committee by giving in detail the history of the right to presumptive service connection granted veterans who developed tuberculosis, mental and nervous and certain other diseases before January 1, 1925—the right which gives disabled men the benefit of the doubt. He quoted the detailed statements of authorities on tuberculosis and mental and nervous diseases given at hearings held by Congress in 1923 when the effort was being made to set a fair time limit for the presumptive service connection.

Mr. Miller recalled the testimony of the late Dr. William LeRoy Dunn, eminent tuberculosis specialist of Asheville, North Carolina, who had declared emphatically that thousands of men who were falling victims to tuberculosis in the years immediately following the war had acquired the disease during the fighting period.

"The germ finds access to the body usually sometime in childhood," Dr. Dunn had said. "It may find entry at any time during life. We know perfectly well that practically every adult at some time during his life is affected with the germ of tuberculosis. The germ lies dormant in the vast majority of people. For some reason or other, in some people the normal resistance is broken down, and the germ is allowed to go back to work. The balance between the germ and the body in some way is thrown the other way, and the disease begins to make its advances. Something happens, like the service of the soldier, which opens up the door whereby this disease can get its hold."

"Some of the things that occurred during the war are of such a nature as to open up a little crack, a little door, if you please, whereby this disease begins to get its hold. Now, it is an insidious, sneaking sort of a thing, and oftentimes it is years and years before you and I know, unless we happen to examine a man, that the disease has made itself manifest in the way of marked symptoms or disabling results. That oftentimes happens."

"Now, that is what occurred to these boys in the service. They went in with tuberculosis and because of things that arose in connection with the service, the resistance of some was broken down, and some became ill straight off and maybe died of acute tuberculosis. Others went on and had a little cold, a little cough occasionally. Tuberculosis does not always come in and burn its victim up as in a flame. It goes up and it goes down. It has its periods of activity and periods of quiescence. A man may have twenty, thirty or forty alternating periods of activity and quiescence before anybody thinks he is ill or has tuberculosis."

Mr. Miller then described the efforts made by the Legion at Congressional hearings in 1924 which resulted in the establishment of January 1, 1925, as the presumptive service connection time limit. He read detailed statements by specialists on tuberculosis which were in agreement with the earlier testimony of Dr. Dunn. He read also detailed statements by neuro-

psychiatrists who had testified in 1924 that mental and nervous diseases, like tuberculosis, often were of slight degree during actual service but tended to develop to an aggravated degree in the years following the war. Typical of these statements was one by Dr. Irving J. Spear of Baltimore, Maryland, who said:

"Many of the neuro-psychiatric cases that have or will come to the attention of the Veterans Bureau are individuals who, if not exposed to the very unusual conditions (apprehension, exposure, anxiety, fear, homesickness, etc.) of induction or actual service, would never have developed. It has been my experience that a large group of individuals are so constituted that they get along well under the usual conditions in which they find themselves; that when exposed to increased responsibilities or unusual conditions, they develop neurosis or psychosis. These manifestations are often of a very mild nature and those afflicted by them just don't get along. It is sometimes months, maybe even years, five or more, before the unusual behavior of the individuals becomes so pronounced as to attract active attention."

**M**R. MILLER declared that experience had justified the stand taken by the Legion in 1923 and 1924 which resulted in the establishment of the 1925 presumptive service connection time limit. He declared:

"As we understand the cruel proposal of the National Economy League, they would cut from the compensation rolls with one tremendous slash all those whose service connection has been established by means of these legal presumptions. Let us see what injustice this would work. The typical veteran is out of service in the middle of the year 1910. In his anxiety to get back into civilian harness he has minimized his disability or has been the subject of an abstract discharge examination. He feels that something is wrong with himself but perhaps attributes it to his recent transition from soldier to civilian. At any rate, he does not know of the War Risk Insurance Bureau, then tucked away in the Treasury Department. He did not know of the scattered Public Health Service Hospitals to which he might have applied for at least advice because the typical veteran does not live on Main Street. Well, his indisposition increases, keeping pace with his apprehension. About two years after his discharge the first real publicity relating to the right of veterans to receive money compensation or hospital care for service-connected disabilities broke in the press and through the service organizations. This came with the passage of the act which combined the War Risk Insurance Bureau, the Vocational Training Board, and certain hospitals of the Public Health Service. It was approved in August of 1921. The first presumption for service connecting mental and tuberculosis cases was set up in this act. Mr. Typical Veteran thus did not have to seek historical evidence to service connect his tuberculosis, though he might easily have (Continued on page 58)



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## The Benefit of the Doubt

(Continued from page 57)

done so at this relatively short time after his discharge.

"Later these presumptions were widened and, of course, there was no necessity for the veteran to find his old medical officers or comrades in order to historically connect his disability. He is 14 years from the day he was discharged. It is not necessary for me to present to this joint committee, Mr. Chairman, how impossible it would be for him to do so now. What an unthinkable thing to grant a facile manner for the establishing of service connection of diseases of obscure origin and then, after many years, to slash it away leaving bedfast and dying veterans with no possible recourse. Why, gentlemen, this infamous proposal of the National Economy League would cut down the very group which the league contends should be liberally cared for, although its members have apparently not given the matter deep enough thought to realize it. What shall we say of the handicap this would throw on mental cases where the mere ability to remember the names or identity of those familiar with their early medical history has passed with failing mentality?"

DR. KENNON DUNHAM, beginning his testimony before the joint committee, expressed the hope that its members would credit the physicians who had testified in 1923 and 1924 with being both honest and sincere.

"I do not think any of us have changed our minds," he added. "And when a large organization will attack our men unjustly without any consideration for the rest of us who have given the problem thought and time, I resent it, that is all!"

Dr. Dunham then discussed the early veiling of symptoms of tuberculosis.

"It is a curable disease in many cases," he reminded the committee, "and the man thinks he is sick at first, and then he thinks he is not and does not even go to a doctor. Then he gets another cold, or he has other little infections and some doctor gives him something—maybe for only an upset stomach. The doctor did not recognize the disease right away. The man wanted to get back to work. And then he gets another little infection and the old place will light up again. So it goes, on and on, and finally it holds him down over many, many years. We have had men in the tuberculosis sanitarium in Hamilton County, Ohio, who have been up and down that way for ten years, and it is very difficult unless you pay attention to those histories to show how they have been."

Dr. Dunham condemned the demand of the National Economy League for the repeal of the provision giving men with arrested cases of tuberculosis compensation of \$50 a month. He said this provision was placed in the law because in earlier years the Veterans Bureau had fallen into

the habit of cutting compensation to the vanishing point whenever a man who had been treated for tuberculosis had made a seeming recovery. The man would start back to work, would not be able to carry on and would have to return to the hospital.

"I want to say this with all the strength I have," Dr. Dunham declared. "The man with an arrested case is incapacitated to do the work of the average healthy individual. Let me explain that. The incapacity is usually thought of as only with regard to the particular area in which tuberculosis is found. The incapacity, however, is not limited to that particular area at all. For many years we have been making quite a study of some of the residuals of tuberculosis, the most important of which is emphysema. Very likely, some of your people from home who had tuberculosis were fat, looked lazy, well fed, yet they would come to you and tell you they could not carry on, that they were not able to do thus or so. They were correct."

"If you will come out to my institution, where we have over 500 patients, I could stand up fifty men along the room who look as well nourished as anyone in this room, and yet they have cavities. Their resistance is limited. There is emphysema—lack of lung capacity. There is a definite limitation of the vital capacity of the lung following almost every case. By reason of emphysema, even if this old tuberculosis does not break down, a man is handicapped to a certain extent."

"The point is this: you start with a small area of tuberculosis in one part of the lung. That goes on—takes several years to cure. You work against it and wonder why the man does not stay well. The process was called to my attention some fifteen years ago when these men would leave the hospital and come back with their chests all full of rales. We thought those men had been reactivated with tuberculosis. We X-rayed them and did not find any spread of the lesion, but the rales were there. There was something that was causing disease. The man could scarcely breathe for a while. We put him to bed three weeks and those things would all clear up. What was happening was that he was overloading his lung capacity. He had edema of the lungs and almost went out. There was great damage to the heart and liver. Edema is a water-logged condition of the lung, due to a sweating out of the serous part of the blood—out of the blood and through the lung into the air cells."

Senator Hatfield of West Virginia, a physician, discussed with Dr. Dunham other technical aspects of edema and emphysema, to add to the understanding of these conditions by other members of the committee. He then asked whether the \$50-a-month compensation paid to arrested cases isn't the difference between

life and death. Dr. Dunham replied: "Absolutely!"

One of the loudest demands of the National Economy League was for the repeal of the provision giving presumptive service connection to veterans who developed mental and nervous disease to a disabling degree before January 1, 1925. Dr. William F. Lorenz, advisor and psychiatrist of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, testified to the Congressional committee that repeal of the provision would result in widespread injustice.

Dr. Lorenz went through many major engagements in the World War and is now head of a state hospital for mental and nervous diseases, in which one thousand Wisconsin veterans have received treatment since the war. He is also head of the department of mental and nervous diseases of the medical school of the University of Wisconsin.

"When I appeared before the Congressional committee in 1923," Dr. Lorenz said to Chairman McDuffie, "I pointed out that when we deal with mental diseases we are in a field in which the causes are not known, and almost uniformly the disease or condition is very, very gradual and insidious in its development. A circumstance that is extremely important is that the individual most concerned is incapacitated. A characteristic of mental disease is the lack of interest in reality, a life in phantasy, so to speak, and the sufferer is not animated by a desire to press his claim. In many instances he does not know, cannot realize, that there are any governmental provisions at all covering his case.

"Another important consideration is that relatives or friends who are in contact with a slowly-developing mental disease are usually rather reluctant to admit such a situation. They blind themselves to many, many symptoms which are important, particularly at the beginning. So the condition drags on and on until it becomes so evident that any layman can see it. By that time, frequently, years have passed.

"By the time the disease has developed to a layman's recognizable degree it is difficult even for a trained physician to get the picture of its early development, even when one has the opportunity to talk with relatives of the sick man. It was on that basis that the presumption of service connection was advocated and advised. Now, when it is stated that the presumption is against medical authority, I wish to challenge that statement. I think the presumption absolutely conforms with what we know and what we experience every day in civil life, and we are merely applying to this situation the knowledge which we have gotten in our civilian practice."

Dr. Lorenz attacked the National Economy League's contention that disability compensation should only be paid to veterans with nervous and mental diseases and other ailments who can establish service connection from official records of the Army and Navy.

"I happily had experience under which

records were more or less necessary," Dr. Lorenz said. "It was in a field hospital in a very active division—the Thirty-second Division. Under ordinary conditions, in the back areas, we did keep up some sort of a record. I wish to assure the committee that when in action, or even approaching an action, the matter of keeping records was subordinate to the main military objective we had in that particular battle. We needed to take care of the sick, the wounded and the maimed, many of whom were from the front, so that the record keeping was subordinate to that duty. To depend upon official records now to establish service connection would do a tremendous injustice to the men."

Dr. Lorenz denounced the effort of the National Economy League to limit governmental responsibility to veterans who had experienced battle conditions. He maintained that, while many men undoubtedly benefited by life in the service, a very substantial number were harmed mentally by prolonged anxiety and certain aspects of military discipline.

**W**HILE John Thomas Taylor and Watson B. Miller were concentrating their efforts upon the hearings of the special joint committee on veterans' affairs, menaces to the disabled service man appeared unexpectedly in other sectors of Congress. When the Senate Economy Bill came from the Senate Finance Committee it contained a provision which would have effected a straight 10 percent reduction on all compensation or pension payments to veterans which are over \$1,000 a year. This proposal was defeated through a motion by Senator Robinson of Indiana. Another threat was averted when a provision of the so-called Bratton Amendment to the Treasury and Post-office Bill was stricken out. This provision would have cut \$47,279,431 from the sum appropriated for the operation of the Veterans Administration and would have paralyzed its operations.

**T**HE ending of the hearings of the Joint Congressional Committee on Veterans' Affairs found The American Legion well satisfied with the results which had been accomplished by them. The Legion had proposed the hearings as a means of bringing into full examination all the facts and figures relating to the benefits now being accorded service men. As the Legion anticipated, the hearings placed upon the opponents of veterans' legislation the necessity of making their criticisms specific and detailed.

When the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the National Economy League and the National Association of Manufacturers submitted to the congressional committee demands for veterans' reductions totalling \$450,000,000, the demands were immediately discounted as extreme and almost ridiculous. Drawn up by economists, lawyers and statisticians, unsupported by (Continued on page 60)

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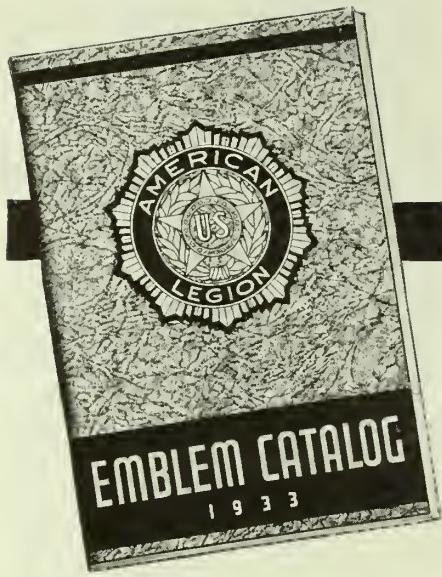
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# The Benefit of the Doubt

(Continued from page 59)

medical evidence, the demands of the financial organizations betrayed superficial familiarity with the problems which have been dealt with carefully and thoroughly by the Legion and the Veterans Administration ever since the war. Their program was an utterly impracticable one. It seems to have been dismaying to the Senators and Representatives of the committee who honestly were hoping that the hearings would reveal some means by which annual expenditures for veterans could be reduced without accomplishing intolerable injustice.

THE financial organizations can no longer maintain their gigantic campaigns of propaganda against the veteran. They had their day in the court of Congress and they were not able to prove their case.

THE Legion's battle, however, has not been finally won. That is certain.

The Congress which assembled in special session after President Roosevelt was inaugurated was to find awaiting it the report of the committee which conducted the recent hearings. As this is written, it is indicated that the report would be presented on March 3d. What it will contain cannot be predicted accurately. You are entitled to a guess, though. And a good guess is that the report will nail down, once for all time, the effort to rob the service man of his presumptive rights and such honest payments as the \$50 a month now being paid to men with arrested tuberculosis. The service man will continue to receive the benefit of the doubt.

But economy is economy. The new Congress is certain to strive in every way possible to find means to cut down governmental expenditures. Each veterans' benefit can continue to stand only so long as the Legion can continue to prove it is just and right.

## Wings Over Texas

(Continued from page 35)

U. S. S. Manta—Wm. J. Johnson, elec. Icl., 6358 Peoria st., Chicago.

U. S. NAVAL BASE NO. 17, Scotland—Proposed reunion, Michael J. Leary, 5249 Cabanne av., St. Louis, Mo.

EVAC. HOSP. NO. 6 VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion. outfit history now available. Russell I. Prentiss, pres., Lexington, Mass.

CAMP HOSP. NO. 31, Camp de Meucouen, Morbihan, France—C. E. Van Duser, ex-sgt. Icl., 1643 Whirlpool st., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

AMB. CO. 129, 108TH SAN. TRN., 33D DIV.—Reunion. Fred S. Kahn, secy., 228 No. La Salle st., Room 1564, Chicago, Ill.

DORR FLYING FIELD, DORR FLYING FIELD, Arcadia, Fla.—Reunion. Leo Mayer, 614 E. 63d st., Chicago, Ill.

DOOR F. A. (incl. BTRY. K, 1ST ART., and BTRY. B, 4TH ART., prior to Feb., 1901; also 2D, 7TH, 20TH, 21ST, 22D and 25TH SEPARATE BATTERIES OF F. A., prior to June, 1907)—A complete history of the 6th F. A., including earlier units, from 1798, is ready for publication. To determine press run and cost, all former members interested are requested to write to Capt. John H. Fye, adjt., 6th F. A., Fort Hoyle, Md.

11TH F. A.—Annual reunion, Altoona, Pa., Sept. 2-4 (Labor Day week-end). R. C. Dickieson, secy., 4816-47th st., Woodside, N. Y.

51ST F. A. BRIG. HQ. DET., 26TH DIV.—Reunion, no cost, at YD Club, 200 Huntington av., Boston, Mass., Sunday, May 1, II a. m. G. A. Livesey, comdr., 208 Broad st., Providence, R. I.

66TH F. A. BRIG., 146TH & 148TH F. A.—Proposed second edition of brigade history. Those interested in having copy, write to ex-Lt. Wm. R. Wright, RKO bldg., Denver, Colo.

134TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion meeting, Jackson, Ohio, Sat. Apr. 15. J. H. Evans, pres., Jackson, Ohio; H. M. Bush, secy.-treas., 293 S. Front st., Columbus, Ohio.

12TH F. A., BTRY. C, 2D DIV.—Reunion and dinner with Capt. Stacey Knopf as host, Chicago, Ill., July 20-22, in conjunction with 2D Div. Assoc. convention. Mac M. McClure, secy., c/o Inland Steel Co., Indiana Harbor, Ind.

51ST ART. C. A. C., BTRY. H—Proposed reunion of original Btry. H, during Department Legion convention, Portland, Me., July 3-5. Harrison R. Andrews, 730 Main st., Westbrook, Me.

BTRY. B, 55TH A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—Tenth annual reunion and banquet, Hotel Manger, Boston, Mass., Apr. 18. Kenneth H. Wood, secy., 32 Doane st., Boston.

5TH F. S. BN., 3D DIV.—Proposed society and reunion. H. C. Billingsley, Prair du Rocher, Ill.

13TH RY. ENGRS., A. E. F.—Annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., June 17-18. James A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 1216 Cunlendar st., Little Rock, Ark.

34TH REGT. ENGRS.—5th annual reunion, Triangle Park, Dayton, Ohio, Sun., Sept. 3. Basket picnic. HQ. at Gibbons Hotel. George Remple, secy.-treas., 1225 Alberta st., Dayton.

34TH ENGRS., CALIFORNIA—Proposed reunion of all 34th Engrs. in Southern California. Theo. Terrones, 2327 So. Flower st., Los Angeles, Calif.

MOTOR TRUCK CO. 400—Veterans interested in reunion, report to Hal Becker, Goshen, Ind.

CO. F, 309TH SUP. TRN. SOC.—Seventh annual meeting, Hotel Gibson, Cincinnati, Ohio., Aug. 18-20. C. C. Perry, secy., Bardwell, Ky.

826TH AERO SQRNR.—Annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., date to be announced. John D. Shotough, 2110 Empire State bldg., New York City.

WORLD WAR SUBMARINE VETS. ASSOC.—Men who served on submarines, bases or tenders report to Harry E. Elliott, 817 Anaheim st., Long Beach, Calif. U. S. S. *Granite State*—Proposed reunion. Frank E. Gomes, 122-15th av., San Mateo, Calif.

U. S. S. *Koningin der Nederlanden* Assoc.—Desires name, address and rating of all former crew of transport to complete roster. Second annual dinner and reunion, San Francisco, Cal., on date to be announced. J. Herbert Franklin, scribe, 10 Diamond st., San Francisco, Cal.

U. S. S. *Mississippi*—Proposed reunion and dinner. Lester H. Bishop, 2205-6th st., Monroe, Wisc.

U. S. S. *Covington* Memorial—Proposed organization of survivors of crew of this transport. History also available. Matthew G. Crawford, 29 Lithgow st., Dorchester, Mass.

AMB. CO. 35, 7TH SAN. TRN., 7TH DIV.—Second annual reunion, Terre Haute, Ind., Sept. 3. For roster and information about association, write to Harry E. Black, Box 153, Parnassus Sta., New Kensington, Pa.

110TH AMB. ASSOC., 103N SAN. TRN., 28TH DIV.—Regular meetings fourth Tuesday each month at William D. Oxley Post, American Legion, Tacony, Philadelphia, Pa. H. Rodgers, comdr., 1884 Howarth st., Philadelphia.

ARMY FIELD CLERKS—Proposed Association. All A. F. C.'s report to Lawrence F. Deutzman, *The Messenger*, Smithtown, L. I., N. Y.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

103N AND 489TH AERO SQRNR.—Sgt. WALSH, Dock FULMER, FURR and others who recall Charles E. APEL receiving injuries to back at flying field, 489th Aero Sqdrn., Romorantin, France, in scuffle while lined up for pay on a Sunday; also injuries received while working in drainage ditch with Chinese, and his treatment at base hosp., of which Lt. Kenneth M. SPENCE was comdg. officer. Also Apel being struck by airplane propeller while at front with 103d Aero Sqdrn., under Capt. ROCKWELL; Lt. HUNTER in plane at time.

40TH INF., CO. E—1st Sgt. McCORMACK and others who recall groin injury to Pvt. Frank BRACKINS during pushball game when he fell and someone stepped on him.

116TH ENGRS., COS. A, B, AND C—Former members who recall Newton CONBY suffering dislocation of arm and back injury in fall at Angers, France.

GRAVES REGISTRATION SERVICE 301, Q. M. C.—Statement from Harry F. GRIFFITH, cpl., who witnessed injury to James E. Downs in auto accident in A. E. F.

U. S. S. *Housatonic*, mine-layer—Statements from J. P. CARROLL, seaman 2d cl., and HAVERLY, boatswain mate, who recall head injury to Frank GOVE, seaman, while manning elevator No. 1 on this ship, May 17, 1918. Operated on Apr., 1919, at Chelsea Naval Hosp. for mastoid and treated Mass. Gen. Hosp. in Boston.

BTRY. F, 71ST REGT., C. A. C.—Fred KIPPING (Boston), Red BOHANNON (Ft. Smith, Ark.), Jessie LOVEX (Tulsa, Okla.) and DONBEL (New Mexico) who recall injury to Jess HIGENBOTHAM at Ft. Banks or Ft. Andrews, Mass.

43D C. A. C., BTRY. E—HANSEPACKER, E. J., born May, 1883. Last heard from in Sept., 1922, when he left position with CCC&ST. L. Ry. Co., reporting he was returning home to New Hampshire. Missing. Dependents need assistance with claim.

2N ENGRS., CO. A—Men who recall Albert L. HARLE receiving glasses during service account bad vision and remember that he was left behind by company in Oct., 1918.

95TH CO., 6TH REGT. MARINES—Lt. GORDON, Cpl. RILEY, Pvts. MORAN and SLAUGHTER, co. bugler, and others who recall Pvt. Don C. HELTON being wounded in hand and bleeding from nose, due to shell concussion, July 18, 1918, at Lissions (?). Also man who rode on tail-gate of ammunition truck with him to hospital.

9TH CO., Ft. Logan, Colo.—Former comrade who recalls Arthur C. JEFFERIS being ill with influenza in small wooden barracks, May 12, 1918, and going to hospital to get medicine for Jeffries, account doctors too busy and hospital full.

U. S. S. *Western Hope*—Former officers and shipmates who recall Fred Joseph KLIMEK (chips, carpenter's mate), having severe stomach attack on board ship at Staten Island, N. Y., Nov., 1918. Also later in Italy and Austria. Also eye trouble in Apr., 1919, for which phar. mate treated him; later going to sick bay at Norfolk Navy Yard, 1919, account bad eyes.

1ST ARMY AMMUN. DUMP—Former comrades, medical officers, nurses, etc., including Lt. William MANGER, Capt. Karl N. GREENWOOD, Base Hosp. No. 93, Cannes, Martha NICHOLSON, Army Nurse, who recall Lorenz C. KOESTER, pvt. 1st class, Ord. Det., suffering from exhaustion and gas while in Meuse-Argonne sector, being evacuated to hospital at Neufchateau, where he had flu and pneumonia. Later transferred through hospitals at Cannes, Tours and Savenay, returning on hospital ship *Mercy*, to Grand Central Palace Hosp., N. Y. C. While at Savenay, right lung cavity was punctured.

CO. A, SIG. CORPS, U. S. A., 1908-1910—Capts. Arthur H. Cowan and Wm. Croushanks (1910), Sgt. James E. BREWER, Cpl. Fred C. ANNSWELL and Pvts. W. F. SKILTON and Claud LYNCH can assist Henry McINDOO with claim.

BASE HOSP., Camp MacArthur, Tex.—Medical officer and nurses who recall Harry J. NEUMANN being patient in Ward 15 with pleurisy and pneumonia and given serum as experiment.

MEN, DET., 3N F. A.—Dental officer, also Assts. MOORE and HART, who recall dental work done for Pvt. Cleveland D. PAGE while at Camp Doniphan, Okla., May-June, 1918.

PALMES, Arthur L., born Aug. 23, 1890, Indianapolis, Ind.; served in Navy, Jan. 1913 to Dec. 1916, and May, 1917 to Dec., 1917. Discharged as seaman, giving address as New London, Conn. Missing. Information wanted regarding veteran or his parents, by wife in connection with claim.

PRESLEY, Alice, widow of Cleve PRESLEY, pvt., Co. D, 317th M. G. Bn. Information wanted regarding whereabouts of widow, formerly of Detroit, Mich., by deceased veteran's dependent father in connection with claim.

STANLEY, Frank F., last heard from in vicinity of Vale, Ore., and Boise, Idaho, 1931, is wanted in connection with settlement of estate of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. RECTOR of Texas, now deceased, who had adopted Stanley between 1902 and 1907.

11TH M. G. BN., CO. D, 4TH DIV.—Statements from comrades who recall Arthur W. THORGERSON suffering from rheumatism; especially Lt. POOR and Sgt. CALMAN who carried him from barracks to infirmary at Preseau, France; also Pvt. DILLON, BIRSHBACK, NEISER, J. McDERMET, HETTRICK, BOLLACH and FIBER, in hospital with him.

WHITEHEAD, Clara, (colored), widow of Charlie WHITEHEAD, formerly of Florida. Missing. Beneficiary of adjusted compensation.

PHOTO SEC., AIR SERV., Ft. Bliss, Tex., and BASE NO. 1, Brest, France—Harry HERZBERG, Wilbur R. RHONES, Sgt. Sam O. McCONNELL, Howard H. BAILEY, Geo. J. RUDINSKI and Jesse E. COOPER at Ft. Bliss 1919-20; and Walter G. SPRAN, Geo. E. WHITWELL, T. R. BENNING, J. M. STOVEL, J. Mark WHALON, M. A. GRIMES, Matthew A. SOCCI, Tom WINEMAN, Dan QUANTILIANA, J. A. SCHAD, G. L. HIGHTOWER and Harold Woon at Brest, 1918, who recall Walter WIEHE suffering from backache and rheumatism due to sleeping on wet ground at Second Marine Replacement Camp near Brest.

WHITACRE, Paul H. (also WHITTAKER or WHITTACRE), 145th Inf., 37th Div., 5 ft. 5 in., about 145 lbs., fair complexion, light hair, about 36 years old. Missing since 1930 when he gave address as South Bend, Ind. Was receiving disability compensation. 77-year-old mother needs assistance.

60TH C. A. C., HQ. CO.—Jack CAUGER, Daniel SHEA and other members of band who recall Frederick WOLFE receiving treatment to back and foot account automobile truck falling on him Aug. 13, 1918.

PELLICCIIONI, Alphonse, born July 21, 1894. Suffering from psychoneurosis and may be in some state or municipal hospital. Disappeared from home of mother in Butler, Pa., about Sept. 5, 1919.

WORRIN, Ralph, born Sept. 19, 1890, at Lyons, Ind. Dementia praecox case. Disappeared from Veterans Administration Hospital, Chillicothe, Ohio, about Jan. 25, 1925. Machinist by trade.

BAKER, Eugene Russell, about 35 years old, 5 ft. 8 in., about 142 lbs., brown eyes, black hair, dark complexion. Tattooed on chest, back, right shoulder-blade and right forearm. Dementia praecox case. Disappeared from home in Washington, D. C., July, 1923.

LEWIS, Thomas Henry, (colored), born Sept. 2, 1895, Prattville, Ala.; enlisted June 21, 1918, at Birmingham, Ala.; discharged July 21, 1919, Camp Gordon, Ga. Dementia praecox case. Escaped from Kings Park (N. Y.) State Hospital, Oct. 25, 1931.

O'NEIL, John J., born May 10, 1911; enlisted Mar. 15, 1920. Dementia praecox case. Disappeared from State Hospital, Middletown, Conn., Dec. 23, 1926.

BERKHIMER, William A., cpl., Co. D, 305TH ENGRS., 80TH DIV. Disability claim filed in June, 1922, disallowed. Missing from home in Pittsburgh, Pa., since 1923. Last heard from in Mather, Pa., Oct., 1926.

47TH INF., CO. G, 4TH DIV.—Capt. Paul KENNEDY and others who recall foot disability of Pvt. William B. CARTER on hike into Germany. Capt. Kennedy took his pack and put him in supply wagon.

504TH ENGRS., CO. B—Harold L. DONALDSON, pvt., needs statements from: Med. officer who diagnosed heart trouble in barracks at Is-sur-Tille; Jos. CLARIGHTY and others who remember him being hit on head by sack of potatoes while unloading from car; men who recall him being called from line at Camp Devens, Mass., before discharge, June, 1919.

11TH CO., C. O. T. S., Camp Lee, Va.—Capt. Robert J. KOSHLAND, Lt. DARLING, Lt. SNYDER, Sgt. HANCOCK, MCINTYRE, PITMAN, POWELL, LEWIS, HARTER, YINGLIN, ROGERS and others, also med. officers, July-Oct., 1918 who recall Cpl. H. F. PAGELER suffering from heart trouble, nervousness and high blood pressure.

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# See 80 and Die

(Continued from page 25)

provides seventy-nine working days for each man engaged in the motor industry. Each automobile consumes \$150 worth of gasoline and oil each year. So, if motor cars are not sold and used, the oil industry also suffers in the sale of its products.

The principal causes of motor accidents are, on a percentage basis:

Speed—Driving too fast.....	35.31
Driving off roadway.....	18.84
Unsafe equipment.....	11.92
(brakes, lights, tires, etc.)	
Improper passing.....	7.69
On wrong side of road.....	12.25
Miscellaneous.....	13.99

What is particularly needed in the United States today is the general adoption of the Uniform Motor Vehicle Codes as prepared by the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety. These codes provide for a drivers' license law calling for physical and mental examinations of all new operators, and stipulate that if an operator violates the traffic laws, his license is suspended or revoked, depending upon the seriousness of the violation. The American Legion in all States should consider asking its safety committees to obtain revision of the present State Motor Vehicle Code and actively promote uniform motor vehicle bills.

The Missouri Department of The American Legion has already entered this field by preparing a pamphlet advocating a drivers' license law for Missouri, and it is having this drivers' license bill introduced in its present State Legislature. If enacted into law this will save hundreds of lives.

Two years ago when all the posts of The American Legion submitted to National

Headquarters answers to a questionnaire, 2,325 posts reported that they had engaged in safety programs. Since then, I am sure, several thousand other posts have engaged in safety work. A motorist driving across the continent would see evidences of the Legion at work for safety in every State through which he passed—boy traffic patrols at street corners guarding children on their way to and from schools, caution signs warning of the approach to schools, signs along main highways appealing to drivers to go slowly and drive carefully to protect children, classes for instructing children in proper ways to cross streets, test stations at which motorists receive free inspections of their cars and learn what adjustments or repairs are needed to make them safe.

In a story of this length it would not be possible to mention the splendid work which has been done in each Department. Relying on my memory only, I point to Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, California, Ohio, New Jersey, Texas, Kansas, Maine, Tennessee as States in which Legion posts have been particularly active. There are other States also, and when I mention some by name I am only doing so because their activities are typical.

Every person who has driven through Minnesota has been impressed by the Legion metallic signs at town borders, each sign bearing the Legion's emblem and the name of the town and appealing to the driver to protect children. Wisconsin and California share honors with Minnesota in the development of this system, and similar signs have now been erected by posts in almost every State.

Minnesota has also been a pioneer in

organizing Legion school traffic patrols. You see the traffic boys with caps, belts and other special equipment guarding the street crossings in the morning, at noon and when schools are dismissed in the afternoon. The patrols operate on rural highways as well as in towns.

The American Legion is cooperating with the Minnesota Department of Highways in distributing a booklet on the uniform plan of operating school patrols and the *Minnesota Legionnaire* has campaigned constantly for enlargement of the activity. Legion traffic patrols are operating in sixty-six Minnesota towns.

The Iowa Department has taken a leading place in the safety movement by distributing, with the help of the State Department of Public Instruction, thousands of copies of a 125-page course of study on safety methods. This book, now found in almost every schoolroom in Iowa, is one of the finest contributions to the cause of traffic safety. The Iowa program has been carried on for two years under the direction of W. Earl Hall, present Department Commander, and Bob Colflesh, Past Department Commander. The safety booklet was prepared by Miss Agnes Samuelson, Superintendent of Public Instruction. A feature of the Iowa program was a one-day school for directors of district safety divisions held at Des Moines. Posts in the State have erected safety posters. The Legion has sponsored a series of radio safety talks. In other ways it has enlisted members of almost every post in the program.

In addition to the use of small metallic signs urging motorists to drive carefully, the Ohio Department has sponsored the



You can't get lost in Woodstock, Illinois, now. Peter Umathum Post bought 250 street signs and erected them on every corner in town. Here's the outfit engaged in its good deed for one day

erection upon the main highways of the State of large beacon signs with The American Legion emblem. These beacon lights have attracted the attention of millions of motorists, impressing them with its appeal to protect children.

Safe Drivers' Clubs have been organized by posts of many Southern Departments, particularly in Georgia, Florida, Mississippi and Texas. In Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, John E. Miller Post assisted in the enrolment of 7,500 school children in an Open Eye Safety Club, each member of the club wearing a badge and promising to obey four cardinal rules of safety.

George N. Bourque Post of Waterville, Maine, demonstrated what could be done by conducting a city-wide safety campaign, in which every school child was enrolled in a safety club, promised to obey all safety rules and received a pin. A safety

parade with thousands of school children in line featured the campaign.

The New Jersey Department adopted a special motorists' safety code for the guidance of Legionnaires and others who use the streets and roads. The code was published as a pamphlet, which contained a summary of the more important traffic laws. One of the members of the New Jersey Department safety committee is Harold Hoffman, State Motor Vehicle Commissioner.

One and all, these examples of what Legion Departments and posts have done, point the way to similar worth-while safety activities by other Legion posts. The National Americanism Commission of the Legion will mail from Indianapolis material which will enable any post to organize safety activities in its own community.

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## Rehabilitation Notes

**Y**OU have a ready-made radio date for the night of April 6th, so don't forget to keep in touch with the radio programs in your favorite newspaper when that day draws near. You are invited to be one of several hundred thousand Legionnaires who will be camped in front of receiving sets on the anniversary of the declaration of war to hear what the Legion's rehabilitation experts will tell about the rights and benefits Uncle Sam has made available for the World War veterans and his dependents. The radio program will be known as the Veterans' National Rehabilitation Night and it will be broadcast over a coast-to-coast network under the auspices of the Forty and Eight. Robert M. Tolson of the National Rehabilitation Committee in Washington, D. C., is chairman of the committee running the show.

### PREFERENCE ON R. F. C. PROJECTS

**J**OHN ARTHUR SHAW, director of the Veterans' Employment Service of the U. S. Department of Labor, Washington, D. C., reports that difficulty has been experienced in enforcing the veterans' preference required by law on all jobs financed by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, but that the service man's right to preference has been confirmed by rulings obtained from F. T. P. Plimpton, general solicitor of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

Mr. Shaw cites a question which was raised on the New Orleans Public Belt Bridge project on which sub-contractors refused to give preference to service men with dependents. The ruling was that the City of New Orleans, through the Public Belt Line Commission, could notify the contractors of the default, and the city would be entitled to hold up payment to the contractors as long as service men were denied the preference right. If the city

refused to act, it was ruled that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation would be entitled to notify the trustee that the city was in default under the mortgage.

The service man's preference on R. F. C. projects, Mr. Shaw points out, applies only to manual labor and not to watchmen and time-keepers and others who are classed as administrative workers and are not entitled to the veterans' preference.

### FOR FUNERALS AND OTHER CEREMONIES

**P**OSTS which have experienced difficulty in properly outfitting firing squads and other members taking part in funeral ceremonies are reminded by the National Rehabilitation Committee that the Quartermaster Corps of the War Department will still sell to veterans for ceremonial purposes articles of regulation clothing. The following prices prevail:

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# A Place Like Home

(Continued from page 31)

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## Vittel and Detroit

**V**IVE la Vittel! Vive les soldats americains! That's the way everybody felt and that's what everybody said when Base Hospital No. 36 of the A. E. F. packed its service trunks and duffelbags in 1919 and boarded the chemin de fer that was to bear it away from Vittel, in the Vosges, perhaps forever.

Today a bronze bell rings from the steeple of the English Church in the famous French resort, home of bubbling springs, rose gardens and roulette wheels. It is the gift of the American soldiers to the city of Vittel.

Today, too, a beautifully embroidered flag is preserved in one of the halls of the Veterans' Building in Detroit, Michigan. It bears the coat of arms and the motto of the city of Vittel and silken letters proclaim that it was presented by the city of Vittel to Vittel Post.

That flag arrived in Detroit lately and was presented last Armistice Day to Vittel Post of Detroit by the Consul of France in Detroit, with ceremonies. The veterans of the old A. E. F. outfit, who had formed their post at the time of the Detroit National Convention, marched in the Armistice Day parade with their new flag.

## For School Libraries

**A**NY American Legion post trying to think of one more thing to do in 1933 may have one suggested by W. E. Sheffer, superintendent of schools in Manhattan, Kansas. Mr. Sheffer thinks any post might well resolve to supply the libraries of schools with subscriptions to The American Legion Monthly.

"The Monthly contains much of value to school boys and girls and teachers," writes Mr. Sheffer. "For example, there was Irving Bacheller's story, 'The Master of Chaos,' in itself worth the subscription price. 'The War We Lost by Pacifism,' by Rupert Hughes, should be read by every teacher and student of history, as should 'When Mr. Baker Made War.' Many of the other articles are highly commendable. It would be worthwhile to recommend to Posts that they furnish the magazine to school libraries."

## Texas Honored

**W**HEN Brigadier General Claude V. Birkhead of San Antonio was recently elected president of the National Guard Association of the United States, the Texas Department of The American Legion found satisfaction in the recognition thus given its first Department Com-

mander and a pioneer in the work of organizing the Legion nationally.

"When the St. Louis caucus was held in 1919, General Birkhead was chairman of the southern delegation to the caucus," writes Ross R. Cole, Past Department Adjutant. "After serving as Department Commander, he remained active continuously in the affairs of the Department. In 1928 when the National Convention was held in San Antonio he was a member of the convention committee and acted as its counsel. General Birkhead has headed every important command in the Texas National Guard."

## Florida Goes to Havana

**H**AVANA, Cuba, will be a part of the State of Florida, April 7th to 10th. It will be host to 5,000 members of the Florida Department of The American Legion, and National Commander Louis Johnson will be among the guests. Legionnaires of other Departments may take advantage of very low rates offered by steamship and rail lines and hotels.

## Roll Call

**F**RANCIS HERBERT BENT, who wrote "As A T. B. Patient Sees It," is a member of Howell Post of Farmingdale, New Jersey . . . Karl Detzer, author of "Hobnails," belongs to Bowen-Holliday Post of Traverse City, Michigan, and Kenneth Camp, artist, to Scarsdale (New York) Post . . . Clyde E. Pangborn, who has given some interesting lowdown on aviation in "Yesterday's Stunt is Today's Routine," is a life member of Wenatchee (Washington) Post and carries a gold membership card presented to him in 1931 . . . Philip Von Blon, author of "The Benefit of The Doubt," belongs to Wyandot Post of Upper Sandusky, Ohio . . . George W. Akers, author of "The Naval Reserve Stands By," is a member of Charles Edwards Post of Birmingham, Michigan . . . Louis Johnson, whose monthly article in this issue is entitled "What Sort of Folks Are We," is a member of Roy E. Parrish Post of Clarksburg, West Virginia . . . James B. Forgan, Jr., author of "Chicago Calling," is a member of Naval Post of Chicago . . . John J. Hall, who embodies his observations as director of the Street and Highway Safety Division of the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters in "See So and Die," belongs to Leo P. McNamar Post of Ida Grove, Iowa . . . John J. Noll, author of "Preserve, Protect, Defend," is a member of Capitol Post of Topeka, Kansas . . . The late Eben Putnam, whose writings on The American Legion are quoted in "So Much Is History," was one of the founders of Wellesley (Massachusetts) Post.

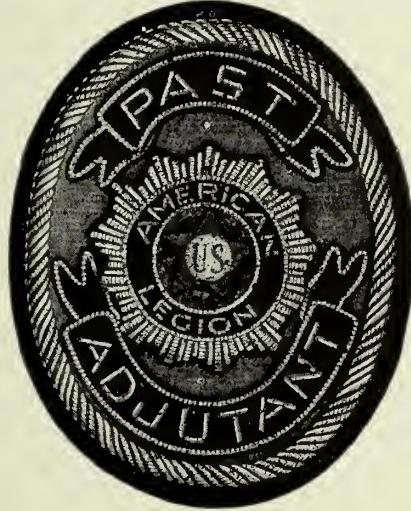
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The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

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**ILLUSION:**

The Oriental girl reclines on a sheet of plate glass supported by two slaves. The magician waves a white sheet... pronounces a few magic words... Presto! She has disappeared in thin air.

**EXPLANATION:**

One of the "slaves" is a hollow dummy. When the magician holds up the sheet the lithe little lady disappears completely—into his empty figure.

## IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ... IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

Here's a trick used in cigarette advertising. It is called "Coolness."

**EXPLANATION:** Coolness is determined by the speed of burning. Fresh cigarettes, retaining their full moisture, burn more slowly... smoke cooler. Dried-out cigarettes taste hot.

Camels are cooler because they come in the famous air-tight welded Humidor Pack... and because they contain better tobaccos.

A cigarette blended from choice, ripe tobaccos tastes cooler than one that is harsh and acrid. For coolness, choose a fresh cigarette, made from costlier tobaccos.

*It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.*

Smoke Camels... give your taste a chance to sense the difference.



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*No Tricks—just Costlier Tobaccos*  
IN A MATCHLESS BLEND